

November, 1940

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# *The* Liguorian



**The Divine Repair-Shop**  
C. D. McEnniry

•

**The Decline of the Comic Strip**  
L. G. Miller

•

**On Smoking Tobacco**  
E. F. Miller

•

**Sixth Column**  
F. Kinsella

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**Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin**

**Per Year \$1.00**

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

The editor's mail bag has been overloaded during the past month with envelopes from the Republican National Committee containing reiterated statements of a few Catholic bishops, priests, and editors either favoring the Republican presidential candidate or denouncing the Democratic candidate. Not one letter, on the other hand, has been received from the Democratic National Committee, if there is one. This has caused no end of speculation in our mind. Do the Democrats feel that their cause is won? Or that it is lost? Or have they no money for such purposes? Or are they unconcerned about the Catholic vote? Do the Republicans feel that the Catholic vote is all important? Are they working as hard on other elements of the electorate as on the Catholics? It has been very interesting to see this one-sided interest in the Catholic vote, considering how impossible it is to elect a Catholic, and the type of electioneering done when a Catholic dares to enter the lists. It is a strange world.

Yet there are many things to be thankful for, come Thanksgiving Day in November. We are thankful for our freedom from war, and the promises of both presidential candidates to keep us out of war. We are thankful for our open churches, our unhampered family life (if we want it), our freedom of speech, our individual rights to come and go, to work and play, to live and let live. We are thankful for God's merciful care over us, undeserved though it be, without which our public and private sins as a nation might long since have brought us to a sadder pass than many another nation today.

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### The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: J. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.

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### THE DIFFERENCE

"Your tears are kind,"  
Christ said to some  
Who met Him on the way,

"But rather weep  
Because on you  
Will fall a bitter day!"

I saw Him pass  
Along the road;  
I saw His heavy fall . . .

He spoke no words  
To me, because  
I shed no tears at all.

— *L. G. Miller.*



# FATHER TIM CASEY

## THE DIVINE REPAIR-SHOP

C. D. McENNIRY

IT WAS rather an unlooked-for remark right in the midst of a gay Hallow E'en party. But then everybody knew that Gabriella Flanders would inevitably blurt out anything that came to her mind, whether looked for or not. She said: "Remember, folks, tomorrow begins the month of the poor souls."

"Poor souls," commented Elmer Hookway. "Lucky souls, if you ask me. They have come clear of the hazard of hell. That is all I'll ever ask for."

"Your spiritual aspirations are not very high, Elmer," Father Casey commented.

"It's my humility," said Hookway.

"It is your egoism," the priest replied, "the ideal disposition to prepare yourself a long and searching purgatory, full of bitter regrets for the ungenerous spirit that made you seek only to save your own hide, instead of striving with your whole heart to love and please God."

"Why is egoism the road to a long and bitter purgatory?" Richard Ranaghan asked.

"Because egoism is selfishness; egoism is robbery of God; egoism is idolatry of self; egoism is pride. It is at the root and bottom of every sin. To set up and adore a false god—that is egoism in its extreme form. To commit a mortal sin of any kind—that is egoism in a grave form. To indulge in any idle thought, word, deed or omission—that is egoism in a mild form."

"Elmer said his highest ambition in a spiritual sense is to escape hell. I am afraid most of us have to confess to a same low ideal. Why do you call that egoism?"

"Because it is centering principally on your own miserable ego. God is everything; you are nothing. To think principally of yourself and to think of God only barely enough to save yourself, that is a deordination, a usurpation, an ugly manifestation of egoism."

"Why do you say it prepares a long and bitter purgatory?"

"Because you can never enter heaven while the slightest trace of egoism remains. That would be like setting up an idol in the Holy of

Holies — like the nit-wit in the theatre mounting his seat and trying to put on his own little act during the tensest moments of Macbeth or Hamlet."

"**H**OW are we stripped of this egoism after death so that we can enter heaven?"

"That is a mystery — the mystery of mercy and of pain that we call purgatory. Our egoism is not cured by the mere fact of dying. We open our eyes on the other world in exactly the same state of soul in which we closed them on this. If, until the very moment of our death, egoism has driven its cancerous roots into every faculty of our being, then everyone of these roots must be seared, must be burned, must be torn out before we can enter heaven. God in His mercy has found a mysterious way in which that can be done by the loving compunction and pain of purgatory, just as the pure gold is separated from the dross in the furnace. Only when that process is completed would these departed souls even desire to join the elect in seeing God face to face."

"They would not desire to enter heaven! But, Father, I thought the souls in purgatory had the most intense longing to enter heaven as soon as possible."

"They have indeed. The intensity of that longing exceeds anything mortal mind can conceive. Still they would not even want to go there until they had been purged of their egoism. You, for example, might have the strongest desire to take your place at a banquet among illustrious guests whom you loved and admired. Still you would not even want to do so while your face was unwashed, your hair uncombed, your clothing filthy and in tatters. Your presence in such a condition would spoil the banquet for them and prove a torture to yourself. Your presence in heaven before the last root of egoism had been torn out from your soul would be a greater suffering than any purgatory. It would spoil heaven. Heaven is perfect happiness in God. But perfect happiness in God is unthinkable so long as you continue, even in the slightest degree, to make an idol of self."

"This is not so easy to understand now. But I suppose we shall see it all clearly when we are condemned to purgatory, shall we not, Father?"

"Most clearly. But do not say 'when we are condemned to purgatory.' Say rather 'when we have the privilege of entering the dressing room for heaven.' We shall see these truths so clearly that we shall never cease

thanking God for purgatory — for the divine mercy and love that invented this mystical net which catches our ungrateful souls, thrust back from the gates of heaven by our egoism, and prevents them from falling into hell; this second Redemption whereby we are cleansed of our egoism in the Blood of the Lamb and made fit to enter into the brightness of Eternal Light."

"**I**S THERE any happiness in purgatory?"

"There is gratitude, unspeakable gratitude, there is longing, there is love —"

"If they love God so ardently and know that God loves them, they should hardly feel the fire and the other pains. Don't you think so, Father?"

"They do feel their pains — feel them intensely."

"But they know they will end. That thought takes away much of the suffering."

"When you had that toothache, you knew," said the priest, "it would end sometime. You seemed to suffer nevertheless. Yes, the souls do indeed feel their pains; they want to feel them that the work of purification and renovation may be more speedily accomplished. They know indeed that God loves them, but their sharpest pain, their most searing fire is on account of the love of God — of the love and goodness and mercy of God. For they see it now — at last — and oh, how they suffer at the thought that they have been unfaithful and unthankful, that they have ignored, offended, outraged a God so full of love and mercy and goodness towards them! This is called compunction, and this compunction gradually but surely purges them from the last traces of egoism. But the tougher and more deep-rooted was their egoism, the more long and bitter will be the period of purification."

"Those that had the priest in time before their death — that made their Confession, received Viaticum and Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing with the plenary indulgence — surely they will not have to remain so long in purgatory."

"Just long enough," Father Casey replied, "just long enough to be purged of what remains of their egoism."

"But will not the last sacraments shorten their purgatory?"

"These sacred rites, instituted by Christ to smooth the road to eternity for His dying brethren, will cancel *all* purgatory and give im-

mediate access to the Beatific Vision — provided, mark well, provided the dying Christian puts no obstacle in the way."

"Yes, of course, I know a bad Confession would be useless and worse than useless. But I am speaking, Father, of a Christian who receives the last sacraments worthily."

"You can," replied the priest, "receive the sacraments worthily and yet, by your egoism, place an obstacle to their full efficacy. You will admit that you have done that very thing in life — often. It is not likely that you will act much differently at the hour of death. That pride, that self-seeking, that tendency to treat your Maker as though it were His duty to serve you rather than your duty to serve Him, in a word, that egoism, which you allowed to take root in your soul during life, will, in all probability, be still there at the hour of death. The sacraments will not remove it. On the contrary, it will hinder the full salutary effects of the sacraments. True, the sacraments will give you grace to root out your egoism; but since you did not use that grace before, what assurance that you will use it now?"

"And so, Father, we are in danger of dying saturated with egoism and altogether unfit for heaven. Oh, what would have happened to us if God had not given us purgatory to repair our folly! If even good people have need of such a purification before they dare stand in the presence of God, think of a big sinner converted only on his death bed. What a terrible purgatory he will have."

"He may indeed. Yet, on the other hand, he may be given his place among the elect much sooner than we. God's judgments are so different from ours. God's judgments are always just, while ours are influenced by error and prejudice. Sometimes we say this soul is surely lost or at least in the deepest depths of purgatory, while it has already been admitted into heaven. We say this soul needs none of our prayers; it was so virtuous, it has surely been long in heaven, and it is deep down in purgatory."

"But, Father, how is that?"

"The poor sinner may not have abused nearly so many graces during life as the 'virtuous' person; he may not have had the same opportunities, the same Christian education or environment; he may have been subjected to far more violent temptations. God may have taken all this into merciful consideration and given him extraordinary light in his last moments. By this light he saw and acknowledged his misery and nothing-

ness so thoroughly, realized the greatness and holiness of God so fully as to purge himself, by one heroic act, entirely of his egoism. Then all God's graces could flow in unhindered and inundate his soul and prepare him for immediate entrance into heaven. The 'virtuous' person, on the other hand, may have had a deal of egoism even in his virtues. He was pious, yet chiefly for the comfort and peace he derived from his prayers. He was pure, but so that *he* might be nice rather than that God might be honored. He was humble, but sometimes vain of his own humility. He forgave those who had offended him, but, even in forgiving, his ego kept demanding satisfaction for its outraged dignity. He was charitable — towards those whom he wanted to help, not towards those whom God wanted him to help, that is towards the most abject and unthankful. And so there was egoism even in his virtues. All that egoism must be purged away before these virtues can be presented for recompense before the All-Holy God."

**L**OOKING at life in the light of purgatory leaves very little time for ourselves."

"Looking at life in the light of *faith*," the priest returned, "leaves no time for ourselves. Time is not ours, it is God's. God lends it to us, not that we may do with it what we please, but that we may employ it according to His will. God is so serious regarding wasted time — and we are so lightminded. He has attached a grace and a duty to each moment. Our chief task in purgatory will be to make amends for these neglected duties, for these rejected graces."

"It seems strange, Father, that God should be so exacting about every little moment. So long as we perform the task He assigns to us —"

"What is the task He has assigned to you? To serve Him. How much? With your whole heart. How long? Every instant of your brief life. If you come at the end with your task half done, performed in fits and starts, some moments used and some abused, He will tell you heaven is not for such an unfaithful servant. However, thanks to His goodness and mercy, there is still a way to correct this error in the long and painful repair shop of purgatory."

"Repair shop! Divine repair shop! I like that word," said Gabriella.

"Yes — or check-up and finishing room. You know our life work is like a tapestry. God has traced on the web the design He wills each

one of us to fill in—a stitch for each moment. The web is passing, passing, passing. Every moment spent in idleness or, still worse, in sin, is a stitch missed, it leaves a bare spot in the tapestry. We may repent of these wasted moments, but they will never return; those ugly bare spots in our life-tapestry will still be there when God inspects it at the particular judgment. There is no place in heaven for such faulty work. But God is so good. He does not reject our poor patched and spotty product. He says: Come to the finishing room, come to purgatory. There we will complete your design, fill in those blemishes with the silver threads of compunction, with the golden threads of love, with the purple threads of gratitude, and when all is finished as I had intended you to do it, you will bring it to me in heaven where it will proclaim my glory forever.”

“But, Father,” cried Gabriella in alarm, “*every* moment! Can’t we lay off even one teeny moment all our life long?”

“Can’t you waste even one moment of God’s precious time? Is that what you mean to ask?”

“Y-yes, Father, I guess so.”

“Is the All-Wise God a trifler? Could He create even one moment of time without a purpose, simply to be thrown away?”

“No, I suppose He couldn’t. But it is appalling to think that God has set a task for every moment of our lives and that He will exact an account of how we have fulfilled it.”

“Not appalling, Gaby. Thought-provoking, yes. Serious, yes. But not appalling. It simply means that you must keep in the state of grace, because while you are in mortal sin, you are supernaturally paralyzed and cannot take even one stitch while the web is passing untouched. And then you must be doing every moment what you believe God wants you to be doing, whether it is praying or playing, eating or sleeping, working for your own interests or spending yourself for others. That is all. Simply the program of any good Christian. With God’s grace and Mary’s help you can do it. Persevere. Then when you come to the end of the web, the Master will smile approvingly upon your work: Well done, good and faithful servant,” said Father Casey.

### *The Inevitable*

Catholics who have honored the Mother of God, still worship the Son of God, while non-Catholics who now have ceased to confess the Son, began by scoffing at the Mother.

— *Newman.*



## Three Minute Instruction

### ON MAKING DATES

A "date" is an important event in the life of every young man or young woman — important because it means another "good time." There are many, however, who are not aware of the infinity of possibilities contained in the making and keeping of a simple "date." Good things and evil things may eventuate from a date, and to render the latter impossible young people should strictly adhere to the following rules about dates:

1. Never accept a "blind date" — i.e., one in which you agree to go out with a person whom you have never seen and of whom you know nothing. An exception may be made for a case in which a close relative or the like vouches for the person involved, but even then one can never be too sure of the outcome. Blind dates have frequently led to blinding tears.

2. Never accept a date with a person of unsavory reputation. Few persons who have earned a bad reputation have ever been reformed on a date; they are far more likely to add new stench to their reputation at the expense of the innocent reformer. This holds no matter how suave, accomplished, smooth and eligible the "dater" may appear.

3. Never accept a second date with a person who used the first one to suggest and insist upon something evil. There is nothing that more surely reveals a sinister and evil character than using a first date to suggest sin. It means that for such a one, dates are looked upon merely as a means to an end — an end which is evil. Don't think you can reform such a person — make no second date at all.

If these simple, and by no means exhaustive, rules regarding dates were kept by young people, there would be far fewer "American tragedies." They are not shackles on the instinct of joy; they are not older people's attempts to make life miserable for the young; they are the counsels of experience with broken hearts and ruined souls.

# THE DECLINE OF THE COMIC STRIP

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With one hand on the pulse of a nation as it reads its daily comics, and the other firmly grasping a stout pen, the author reports clinically on a new decline.

---

L. G. MILLER

WHAT, boys and girls, is the department in our daily and Sunday newspapers which has by far the most readers? The comic section, of course. Almost everybody reads the comic strips. Some devour them; some just look at the pictures without reading the print; some, while they loudly denounce the comics in public, still have one or two favorite cartoons which they read furtively when no one else is in the room. But the point is that most people read them; perhaps we can go so far as to say that they are for millions the chief if not the sole mental nourishment.

And yet how little thought we give to them. We take our comics for granted. We read them carelessly from day to day, with a sigh or a tear or a chuckle, as the case may be, and never give a thought to the forces that lie behind them, to the subtle influence that Andy Gump, Little Orphan Annie, and Tarzan may be exercising upon our lives. This should not be. The matter deserves the attention of our scholars and great men. Since they refuse to act, let us see if we can at least inflict a few scratches upon the surface.

The trouble is that at the start we run into a misleading and contradictory state of affairs. The newspapers persist in calling that part of the paper which contains the funnies the "comic section," but, my dear readers, you know and I know that this is a gross piece of deception. Only about two per cent of the comics have continued through the years to be comical. In fact, most of the alleged comics, far from being comical, are of such a powerfully dramatic character as to unhinge one's whole emotional make-up by their deep-seated pathos and tragedy. I have seen strong men weep at the pitiful plights of Little Orphan Annie, and one of my dear friends, a man of settled character and habits, told me that the suspense engendered by the adventures of Dick Tracy was so unbearable that he seldom found himself able to advance beyond the fourth picture.

This being the case, what hope have we of proceeding with an intelligent discussion of the matter? Very little indeed; we can only try heroically to blind ourselves to this hypocrisy, and with a shudder pass on to other less revolting considerations.

I SUPPOSE that everyone will agree that the original intent and purpose of the comic strip was to be comical. Whether this purpose was achieved or not may be open to question, but the purpose was there. It may be, for all I know, the universal opinion in our enlightened day that there is nothing funny about hitting a man in the face with a custard pie, or a bowl of tripe, as Mutt used often to do to Jeff, but at least you could not accuse the cartoonist who depicted these scenes of trying to do anything else but be funny. He was not trying to convey a social message or play upon one's heartstrings or advertise the wares of the American Tripe Co. It was his job to be funny, and if he failed in that, there was simply nothing further to be said. There are still a few comic strips, as I see it, which have clung to this old tradition, but before I rashly commit myself as to their indentivity, I would like to make a few nasty and cutting remarks about the cartoons which have superseded them in most of our newspapers.

It is difficult to speak with restraint of that vicious and low comic strip which lends itself to downright advertising. When a man picks up the comic section, his guard is down; he is expecting nothing but a little honest and harmless recreation. He begins at the top of the page, and pursues with a chuckle the comical antics of a couple of chaps who have frequent recourse to a bottle of something or other which always seems to give them renewed strength and vigor. With a gay and care-free laugh, he arrives at the last picture on the page, and lo and behold! in screaming letters he is told that the bottle contains Bernstein's famous "Fizzle," the Favorite Drink of Millions.

It is almost more than flesh and blood can bear to be thus insidiously ambushed and craftily trapped by the advertising people. My personal reaction is always one of extreme rebelliousness. If the cartoonist threatens me with coffee nerves, my first impulse is to rush into the kitchen and drink five gallons of coffee. If I am told that what I need to tone me up is a heaping dish of Itsey-Bitseys, the latest vitamin cereal, I feel a wild wish that I could take a load of Itsey-Bitseys out into mid-ocean and dump them overboard for the benefit of the itsey

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bitsey fish. In short, while advertisements are all right in themselves, (or are they?), their place is not amongst the comic strips. If any of our readers feel the same way, they might try writing to their congressman. But don't be too hopeful of results. Everyone knows that our legislators are singularly blind to the real needs of the country.

We have spoken already of the so-called "comic" strip which caters to a man's innate love of adventure and mystery, and of the harrowing effects which they can have upon one's nervous system. Every comic section nowadays contains five or six or even more of this type of cartoon, and as a result, when one has finished a careful and conscientious perusal of the funnies, instead of feeling relaxed and uplifted, one feels a brooding sense of mystery and tragedy. The comics should enable one to go about one's daily duties with a gentle smile playing about one's lips. Instead of this, one feels oppressed. One looks fearfully over one's shoulder, as if in constant expectation of an attack from some repulsive and unscrupulous Oriental, or some dread visitant from a neighboring planet. Psychologists might well give their attention to the effect that such a constant state of suspense must be having upon our national character. Are we more nervous and high-strung than we were 50 years ago? Perhaps we can lay the blame squarely on the doorstep of Jane Arden, Dan Dunn, and the Superman.

**B**UT as if this were not enough to unsettle us, we are presented day after day and Sunday after Sunday with a number of comic strips in which the finer emotions of the human heart: pity and love and friendship, are squeezed and wrung out and pulled apart and in general manhandled to such an extent that one writhes in pain at the spectacle. Anything is cheapened by too much handling, and there is absolutely no decent reticence about these cartoonists, who apparently get paid a bonus every time they use the word "love." No doubt many a man walking the streets of our cities today with a twisted smile and deep lines of disillusionment on his brow traces his cynicism, and perhaps he mutters a curse as he does so, to the day upon which he first began to follow the amorous adventures of Toots and Casper.

About those rather numerous cartoons which might be called futuristic inasmuch as they describe the events of a thousand or even four thousand years hence, there is not much to be said. The imaginative efforts of some of these futurists are so high-powered and far-

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reaching that they often bring on attacks of dizziness and vertigo. Persons who have in their early years devoured Mr. Grimm's well-known fairy tales without blinking an eyelash or turning a hair (and no one has ever accused Mr. Grimm of being other than fanciful), have been seen to reel and gasp and cry out for restoratives before they had half finished the latest exploits of Buck Rogers. Perhaps we can only ascribe it to cruel fate that the gifted minds of these futurist cartoonists are unable to find an audience which can really appreciate their work, and keep step with them as they trip lightly through the upper reaches of improbability.

Sometimes cartoonists, in order to swell the number of their admirers, resort to a practice which might be called comic-strip-teasing. They have the ability to draw pictures of beautiful women, and they misuse this ability by portraying their artistic creations in the scantiest possible attire. Such cartoonists might well stop and consider if they do not compare favorably with that type of person about whom Christ said it would be better for him if he were cast into the sea with a millstone around his neck. Surely it is adolescent youth who are the most faithful followers of the comics, and anyone who preys on the innocence of these boys and girls can only be termed a moral vulture.

All these types of comic strips of which I have been speaking make no pretense of being comical; they pursue the easier course of being pseudo-adventuresome or romantic. A few of them do this very skillfully indeed; the interest in Terry and the Pirates, for example, is remarkably well sustained and the drawing and dialogue are excellent. But, we repeat, they are all usurpers in the comic section.

**E**VEN within the field of the comic strip which really tries to be comical there is room for some sharp distinctions. Nothing is more futile than a joke which does not get across. For it certainly requires a special talent to be funny, and not too many are equipped with same. No doubt the comic strip artists who abandoned comedy acted wisely in refusing to stay in a field for which they felt themselves incompetent.

There are others, however, who apparently believe they are being comical, but who, alas, are being nothing of the sort. My lieutenants have made a careful study of the expression of people's faces while reading the comic section, and they report that while a few comic

strips make people laugh, and several more make them grin, many of the allegedly comical comic strips do nothing but deepen the habitual frown upon their foreheads. Why is this? Or, in other words, what are the qualities in a comic strip which make it really comical?

The first quality and most necessary of all is, I think, a certain variety and freshness in the theme itself or in its method of treatment. Many cartoonists fail to be funny because they keep on working over the same situations without a trace of originality in their approach. Humor must always contain an element of the incongruous, and the incongruous always contains an element of surprise. The first time Jiggs tried to sneak out at night, and Maggie hit him over the head with a rolling pin, the situation was, without a doubt, funny. But after 15,000 repetitions of the same situation, it requires more than ordinary skill to treat it with originality. Many cartoonists do not seem to realize this, or if they do, they have neither the skill to effect it nor the courage to refrain from attempting to effect it.

It is not so easy for the cartoonist to portray a new situation in this our jaded day, and as a matter of fact, most of the really successful ones are content to use the old timeworn situations, and to concentrate on making them funny by their method of treatment. The cartoon called "Blondie" is an excellent example of what I mean. If you read it regularly, you will notice that its author is not wildly extravagant in his choice of situations. Little things like Dagwood's desire for a sandwich in the middle of the night, or his difficulty in getting up in the morning, or the shape and price of Blondie's new hat: these are episodes by no means unique in themselves, but they are set forth with a delicacy and spice of the unexpected which makes them truly comical. And the very fact that they are so ordinary, so close to human nature, gives them a kind of wistfulness which helps to make Dagwood and Blondie so universally loved.

But besides these qualities, the cartoonist must also have a talent for creating characters. He must be able to put words in their mouths and expressions on their faces which are funny in themselves, and which are all in keeping with the definite personality which the cartoonist has conceived. Uncle Willie and Aunt Mamie in "Moon Mullins" are examples of this. They not only say funny things, but they are definite personalities. When Aunt Mamie says: "This window is so dirty a body can't scarcely see through it," we feel that the remark is perfectly in keeping with her character.



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**I**T may seem that we are demanding a great deal from the comic strip artist; we are asking that he be a kind of artistic genius, not only in the field of language, but in the field of drawing. And it may be said that such genius is rare. That it is rare is certainly true, but it is possessed by a few of the cartoonists, and it is to throw their peculiar genius into relief that we have tried to outline the qualities of the ideal comic strip. After these remarks, for our readers to grade the various cartoons in a way that will meet the satisfaction of every one should be easy. As easy as climbing a greased telephone pole. Don't thank me for making it so easy. In the celebrated and historic words of a fireman whose name I have forgotten: "Lady, I only done my duty."

### —Government Sermon—

You find sermons sometimes in strange places. Here is one culled from a United States Government pamphlet entitled "Keeping Fit." It is about bad thoughts.

"If a boy or a man frequently permits himself to look at suggestive pictures, to listen to vulgar stories, and to indulge in lewd thoughts, he brings about a mental condition which may lead him later into serious sin. Furthermore, such indulgence develops a low attitude towards sex, which ought to be associated with the finest and most beautiful relationships in life. While it is not always possible to prevent lewd ideas coming to one's attention, it is possible by using one's will power, to direct the attention away from them and center it on wholesome subjects. Some young men will need to learn the trick of switching the thoughts away from vulgar subjects quickly to sports, school work, or other helpful activities. The mind should not be made a cesspool, but a reservoir."

### —Propaganda That's True—

Foreign newspapers are not to be believed, especially when they speak about war or about their enemies. But one comment from the Italian paper *Corriere Della Sera* may not be entirely beyond the realm of truth. Speaking of France the paper states:

"France stood for . . . decadence and death. The French preach an easy life, birth control, and domestic triangles."

History, we believe will affirm this statement. And if history is honest, it will attribute the defeat of the French at least in some degree to these anti-social vices.

## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

To the sick or incapacitated person thoughts of Purgatory should be frequent, and should provide a kind of solace peculiarly their own. That solace should come from two sources: one, the thought that their suffering can save them from far worse sufferings in Purgatory, and the other, the thought that their present suffering can, if rightly borne and offered, release others who are suffering in Purgatory now.

It is a universally noted characteristic of human nature that it can bear with fortitude many hardships and pains, if there is any assurance that this will mean some future gain. The athlete tortures himself with self-denial and a cruel schedule of training exercises—all in the cheerful hope that he may one day wear a champion's crown. The poet is willing to starve and shiver in his empty upper room, because he is dreaming of one day being crowned with laurel. The aspiring student gives up sleep, comfort, amusement and recreation, to assure himself of a successful profession. In a word, it is not hard to suffer, if we know the future holds out a handsome reward.

The shut-in who has faith, knows that every moment of his suffering will reap the richest of all rewards, viz., speedy escape from that place where it may require years upon years of intense pain to complete one's atonement for even one venial sin, if that sin has not been atoned for before death. Sometimes we say it sadly, but we should say it gladly and gratefully, that when we are ill "we are suffering our Purgatory now."

More cheerful still is the thought that the shut-in has the master-key for unlocking the prison gates of Purgatory to many a soul. It is God's ordaining that little sufferings borne in life are the wiping out of huge debts owed by those no longer in the land of the living. The living sufferer who frequently makes the offering of his pain for the souls in Purgatory is sending a veritable throng of souls towards heaven.

## WHAT MAKES CONVERTS?

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The first of three articles, each one complete in itself, analyzing the forces that draw so many thousands of non-Catholics into the Catholic fold every year.

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D. F. MILLER

THE making of converts is an activity which the Catholic Church has been carrying on for 1900 years. It is not a side issue with her, it is one of the chief functions for which she was established. Nor, on the other hand, is it a spectacular or showy sort of enterprise, as if she wanted to make the record of converts gained a triumphant demonstration of power. It is simply a matter of everyday witnessing to the truth she possesses, in order that those who have not the truth may see it in her witnessing, accept it, and be free.

There is, however, intense human interest in the different avenues by which different men are drawn finally to realize that truth does reside in the Catholic Church and in her alone. It should not be surprising that there are such different avenues. The truth of the Catholic faith is expressed in many different doctrines, witnessed to in many different ways. Any man who catches just a glint of the Church's truth in one or the other doctrine, in one or the other manifestation, can, if he will, follow it up until he finds the dazzling brilliance of the whole truth spread out before his mind. For the doctrines of the Church, sometimes called so multiple as to be confusing, are so intimately woven together into a pattern of perfect unity that one can start with even the most insignificant of those doctrines and be led step by step to grasp the perfect harmony of the whole.

That is why the story of every convert is different than the story of the one who preceded him into the Church. Each one has to start some place in learning the whole truth. Each one first catches a glimpse of beauty in some one doctrine of the Church. He sees that this beauty comes in part from the relation of that doctrine to other doctrines; he follows up the pattern, and finally comprehends the whole.

If, however, we were to analyze the more or less fundamental approaches of converts to a grasp of the whole truth, we should say that they are three in number: the aesthetic, the intellectual and the moral.

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In other words, the first point of pleasing contact with the Catholic Church, for some people, is the beauty and artistry and appeal of her liturgy, her ceremonial, her externals; for others, it is the sudden grasp of the truth regarding the intellect that the Church has been maintaining and defending, for 1900 years; for a third class, it is an awakening to the fact that on some, or on all, moral issues, the Catholic Church is the one religious organization that admits no compromise and permits no change. In the present article, let us see how the first avenue, the aesthetic, has led souls in the past and will lead them in the future to a grasp of the truth of the Church as a whole.

**I**T IS not unusual for a non-Catholic, if there be no deep-rooted prejudices in his system, to be strongly attracted at first sight of the drama and pageantry of the liturgy of the church. He does not know exactly how to analyze his feelings. He may have been taken to Mass, or have witnessed a procession, or merely have accepted an invitation to attend Benediction. He is not able to interpret or to understand one-tenth of the things he sees. Yet invariably he finds it all interesting, soothing, pleasing in some vague way.

Of course, all this is mere feeling at first, and feelings in themselves are not valid arguments for or against the truth of religion. But to the non-Catholic who thinks, the reaction to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church does not remain in the realm of feeling alone. It starts a trend of thought in which the basic question is: what is behind the artistry that causes such seemingly right and proper feelings? Why do genuflections and bows and signs of the cross and chants and public prayers seem so fitting in the practice of religion — even to one seeing and hearing them in use for the first time? If he follows his question to an adequate answer, he will find that behind all the external rites and actions of the Catholic Church there are fundamental doctrines concerning the human body and its relation to the soul and God which grip the intellect with the power that only truth can have.

If he has been a student, he will know something about the strange doctrines that men have held concerning the nature and purpose of the human body. On the one hand, there have been those who taught that the human body is entirely evil, it is utterly incapable of any good. So taught the Buddhist priests, who hung themselves up on wires, or impaled themselves on beds of prongs, or adopted strained and pain-

ful positions in which they remained for many years without change — just to eliminate every possible desire from their bodies. So taught the Manicheans, who made of the body an evil spirit doing battle against the good spirit which was the soul, and who therefore demanded that the body be lashed, macerated, starved, destroyed. So, in a more modified form, but still with strange lack of logic, have taught those puritanical sects of modern times which made of religion something for the soul alone; who took from it all that could appeal to the eye, all that could please the ears, all that could give the body any part to play at all.

On the other hand, there have been those who taught that the body was a master, so completely autonomous and perfect that it was incapable of wrong. The grosser forms of Epicureanism made pleasure the end of life — which of course most frequently became sense pleasure alone. The great naturalists of history like Jean Jacques Rousseau refused to admit that there could be anything evil in granting the body its every desire. Modern neo-paganism tends towards the same belief — if it can be judged by the total abandonment of all restraint of law on feelings, passions and pleasures.

To the thinking man, neither of these extremes appeals when he first becomes aware of them. He does not believe that his body is entirely evil, something that deserves nothing but annihilation. Nor will he defend the proposition that his body is incapable of evil, for the briefest experience with life has taught him that it desires many things which it should not have.

**I**T IS his escape from these extremes that makes a man react with both aesthetic and intellectual pleasure to the ritual of the Catholic Church. There, sometimes altogether unconsciously, he finds the human body given the place and the evaluation it should have. It is a component part of man, the liturgy seems to announce, an essential co-principle, and therefore is to be active just as the soul is active in worshipping God. It is to represent, by gesture, by symbol, by action and movement, what the soul is doing in a spiritual way. The soul adores, the head bows, and the knee bends; the soul implores, the hands fold in supplication; the soul expresses penitence, the body bends and the breast is smitten; the soul thanks, and the voice of the body sings. All this appears right, proper, as it should be, if a man considers his body a part of the one nature and substance he calls "I." It places the body in

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union with but under the domination of the soul, and places both body and soul in subjection to God. In such a scheme, the body is neither a demon to be cast out nor a god to be served; it is a part of man's nature, to serve the soul as the soul serves God.

It is no great step, then, for a man who, clearly or obscurely, has come to realize the "rightness" of admitting the body into a full share in the worship of God towards an understanding of the still greater truths of which the Catholic Church is the witness. God the creator, God the Redeemer, God the Sanctifier, God the Authority, God the Teacher, God the Rewarder of the good and Punisher of evil—all these things become gradually and progressively clearer as a man follows the first glimpse of truth he has gained in the external activities of the Church at worship towards a panoramic view of the whole. He started with a realization that in one thing the Church is true—he ends by realizing that the truth she manifests in that would not be satisfying and final were it not but a part of the whole that is true.

Anyone reading this will recognize, of course, that the process whereby a man may be led into the full acceptance of the Church from the appeal of the liturgy is seldom as clear-cut, simple and direct as here described. It is usually a matter of groping about for a while, not being able to name or to analyze the exact logical steps in the process; of a gradual build-up of convictions such as are outlined here. But that which grips and holds, no matter how obscurely at first, is that which we have described, and it may be helpful to those who are still in the groping stage, and something of a guide to others who have the task of showing prospective converts the exact nature of the truth that has begun to appeal to their minds.

### *Interpretative Handwriting*

Horace Greeley, the great newspaper man, once discharged an employee by mail, writing a letter in his own peculiar hand to the effect that the man's services were no longer needed. It was several months before Greeley happened to meet the man again, and when he did he was kind enough to ask him how he was getting on.

"Oh, fine," answered his former employee. "I got a much better position after I left you. You recall the letter by which you discharged me? Well, nobody who hasn't studied it can read your handwriting. So I offered the letter as a recommendation from Horace Greeley, and as nobody could prove it was otherwise, I landed a good job."



## ON SMOKING TOBACCO

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The magazine of today may, a thousand years from now, be the only source of knowledge about our present civilization. With such readers in mind, the author gives a thorough description of one of today's civilized habits.

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E. F. MILLER

SMOKING, like snuff-taking and parting the hair, is a habit common to the species man. No inanimate object has ever been known to seek comfort in a cigar, and no animal of mere sense perception has ever been seen indulging in a pipe. It is one of the proofs of man's superiority over brute nature, one of the signs of his culture and civilization, one of the indications of his immortality. Smoke rising from the mouth and descending from the nostrils gives notice to the stars—here stands he, the king and master of the earth. Bow ye before him. Both male and female of the race are given to the practice.

Simply defined, smoking means the drawing into the mouth of large drafts of smoke from a burning article made up of tobacco and held firmly between the teeth or hung danglely and lightly from the lips, and the expelling of the same from the mouth and into the air in thin streams, thick clouds or twirling rings, five or six in number. Sometimes the smoke is swallowed or allowed to traverse down into the lungs before it is exhaled. This is smoking at its best or in its most perfect form, and is recommended only to those who have mastered the preliminary stages of the habit, namely, the lighting stage, the mouth as the *terminus ad quem* stage, and the hardened stomach stage. Beginners are advised to draw in and let out as quickly as possible until they have been smoking for many months or even years.

While small boys have been known to filch corn silk from farms and leaves from yards and through devious and ingenious methods contrive to fashion them into articles that were smokable, most people accept for their pleasure the articles that have been sanctioned by long tradition and sacred custom, and which are suggested to them by extensive advertising on sign boards and in newspapers. Of these there are three: the cigarette, the cigar, the pipe. We shall take each one in turn.

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**T**HE cigarette consists of two elements: a perfect blend of choice domestic or Turkish tobaccos, sometimes toasted and other times not toasted at all, but always submitted to an intricate process of curing, sifting and selecting that would do honor to an age even more advanced than the present in the way of efficiency and machinery; and a piece of thin white paper the size of a baby's hand in which the tobacco is rolled up lengthwise and firmly held together. The finished product looks exactly like the sticks of chalk that are commonly used in grade school class rooms.

The cigar, the second article in general use, is quite different from the cigarette. Employing the same type of tobacco as does the cigarette, it resembles more a short piece of smooth rope, the center of which bulges deliberately while the ends taper down gracefully and finally ends abruptly like the flat surface of a wall. The whole article is like a torpedo or a bullet. It is four or five inches long, black or brown in color, free of paper or other extraneous incumbrances to hold the tobacco together, and priced at five or ten cents, and sometimes two-or-three-for-five, according to the will of the maker or the amount of advertising put into its sale. It differs from the cigarette in this that its tobacco is long-cut, that is, composed of long thin strands like narrow leaves, while the tobacco of the cigarette is finely chopped, being little better than sawdust and causing great distress by constantly intruding itself into mouths when it is only proper that it remain in its wrappings.

The pipe is the last article in general use amongst men and women. It consists of a wooden bowl the size of a large walnut into which the tobacco is poured; attached to the bowl is a thin stem, straight or curved, perforated from one end to the other with a single tiny hole. Through this hole air is drawn by the mouth, and thus the tobacco in the pipe, after being lighted with a match, is kept aflame. Indians confined their smoking entirely to pipes.

Each article has its own particular group of devotees and followers. Though there may be occasional swinging over to the neighbor's camp, loyalty to only one article is often maintained for a whole life-time without a single instance of defection or desertion.

**Y**OUNG people, i.e., of late teens and early twenties, adhere almost strictly to the cigarette. The weed, as it is called by the irreverent,

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dangling from callow lips, gives the appearance of a certain worldly wisdom as though saying that behind those callow lips and above them and inside there is a pretty fair knowledge of all there is to know, that is, of things really important, such as jitterbugging, band-leaders and the like. Modern ladies, sports writers and the second rate gangsters of the movies belong to the same class. An occasional old man will be seen recapturing a bit of his youth at the shrine of the cigarette. People from the west smoke cigarettes too, but generally they roll their own—a technical expression meaning that they do not buy the ready-made cigarettes but create their own out of a package of tobacco and a card of papers that can be bought at a store for ten cents.

Most middle-aged men, business people and prosperous politicians pay their respects to the cigar; and rightly so, for the aromatic and fat cigar adds luster to "pomp and prestige." It is the mark of position and power. This group is necessarily small for two reasons: the first, because of the strength of most cigars, particularly the five cent variety; and the second, because of the cost of such a luxury. Few people can smoke cigars on twenty dollars a week if a large family remains at home with mouths agape waiting for food. Thus the privilege belongs mostly to the economic royalists about whom we have heard so much.

The pipe has for its followers persons who putter, comfortable landowners, and many of the poor who have the habit of smoking and cannot afford anything more expensive than a pipe. We pass over in reverential silence the ancient women of another generation who held as a necessity the possession of a clay or corncob pipe with which to while away the declining years of life. Priests, engineers on trains, and farmers are pipe addicts.

However, though each of the three articles of smoking apparatus commented on above has its own special group of adherents, there is not necessarily unanimous agreement in the groups themselves as to how the apparatus should be used. As star differeth from star, so also does one smoker (even in his own group) differ from another. To outline these differences would take a good many words. The reader will have to be content with a sketchy description of the main groups within each group.

**W**E take first of all the cigarette group. Amongst smokers of this item, there is the *chain-smoker*. He lights one cigarette from the

stub of the one which went before, continuing so to act for many hours at a time. The advantages are these that matches are saved and tobacco dealers are made happy. But the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. The fingers of the *chain-smoker* are always a dandelion yellow, his breath comes short and his nerves are twitchy. The habit is distinctly unhealthy, and has a bad effect on various organs of the body, amongst which, we believe, are the lungs and heart. No conscientious doctor is in favor of the practice.

However there are occasions when even the most abstemious will fall into chain-smoking. Broadcasts of exciting athletic contests, especially football and baseball games, provide such occasions. Before the second quarter or the fifth inning is over ash trays are overflowing and the air in the room is so thick that it can hardly be breathed. So it is in hospital parlors when young husbands await announcements from nurses concerning new arrivals in the family. Hospital authorities see to it quite generally that ash trays are placed in every nook and corner of these parlors. In such circumstances chain-smoking can be excused.

The second distinct class of cigarette smokers is that of the *disturber*. This man usually feels the urge of the habit when he is in a crowded automobile on a winter day when every occupant of the car is bundled up to the neck in heavy and bulky clothing. After all have been tightly packed into the back seat he begins going through the distressing motions of locating a cigarette. He searches one pocket after the other, jabbing elbows into inoffensive stomachs and tossing the whole party into an agony of shifting and turning. *Disturbers* can hardly expect to be popular with their associates.

The third class embraces the *lady-smoker*. She is the product of twentieth centuryism, suffragetism and the bizarre conviction that what man does she can do too. To make her smoking look normal and natural, she affects great ease in the performance of lighting and smoking a cigarette, even at times inhaling puffs like the best wrestler after a hearty match. Many very good people do not like to see women smoke but they can do little about it, for in itself it cannot be labeled as a sin. The main difficulty for this group arises from the fact that the cigarette becomes smudgy with lip stick, for lip stick and cigarettes are wont to go together. However, we propound no opinion in the matter. We do believe that there would be fewer *lady-smokers* were it not commonly thought that a non-smoking young lady has not quite caught up with the times.

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WE now proceed to the second group—the cigar-smokers. The *chewer* should take first rank here. He does not put his cigar into his mouth in order to smoke it, but rather to consume it right down to the last leaf. It serves the same purpose as gum or the old-fashioned plug. Slowly it disappears from sight, the one end remaining dry and untouched by spark or flame, the other becoming a tissue of soiled, saturated, stringy shreds. Golf players and automobile drivers off on a pleasure trip are typical *chewers*.

Next to this individual comes the *dropper*. The *dropper* lights his cigar alright and puffs at it in season, but is unmindful as to what becomes of the ashes. Sometimes they drop on the floor, at other times on his vest or coat-front, presenting a most forbidding spectacle of spotiness and stains. Fat men are often guilty of this misdemeanor—fat men with shelves to catch the falling ashes.

Amongst pipe-smokers there are those who actually smoke and those who do not. *Collectors* generally do not smoke. The one ambition which consumes them is to gather as many different kinds of pipes as a rack will hold, to admire them and to exhibit them to all visitors who show the slightest interest. If such an individual does smoke at all, he will confine himself to the use of a corncob or something equally indifferent.

Most pipe smokers are members of the *re-lighter* group. We mean that most pipe smokers have great difficulty in maintaining the fire in their pipes. To a layman it would appear that generally they are smoking matches instead of tobacco, for at every third sentence in any conversation they must be at their work of lighting up once more. This is distressing and disturbing to the onlooker as well as to the housekeeper or wife who is weighed down with the obligation of keeping the house clean.

To make our grouping complete we must make mention of the *converts*. Every now and then cigarette and cigar smokers suffer from acute qualms of conscience. They realize in their hearts that the habit is getting the better of them, and that it is high time that they do something about it. They do not want to give up entirely, so they compromise by switching over to the pipe. Putting in a supply of tobacco and dusting off last year's Christmas present from Uncle John is but the matter of a moment. Lighting up takes but another moment. Then the *convert* is on his way. But the first fervor soon wears off,

and after a week or two the pipe is again gathering dust in the drawer.

THE greatest problem to be solved by the cigar and cigarette smoker is the finding of a place to put the ashes. Though there are few homes these days that do not boast of at least two trays situated at points whereby the architectural beauty of the room will be brought out most effectively, still there are times when, as it were, there is not a single port in sight. It is ticklish, to say the least, to be in company and to have a tiny fragment of a burning cigarette in hand with a long fragile ash at the end of it threatening to fall off at any moment and to have no place to put either. This sometimes happens in convent parlors. Of course we advise strongly against smoking in convent parlors. But nervousness will assert itself when fear takes hold of us, and almost against our knowledge we will find ourselves in the above predicament. The question is — what to do. There are several solutions.

The first is to walk out to the front door and dispose of the unwanted object on the grass under a thickly-branched bush. The second is to remain in the parlor, but calmly to seek out a flower pot or a vase and submerge the smoking article within the dirt of the pot or the depths of the vase. But extreme care must be exercised here. There was the famous case of the man who dropped his cigarette in a very tall and heavy jar standing as an ornament in the corner of the parlor just as Reverend Mother came noiselessly through the door. Reverend Mother was quite upset. She said that only the day before it had taken two strong men to turn over that very jar and empty it of the odds and ends that had mysteriously gathered there. The third method is the easiest of all. Most gentlemen's trousers possess cuffs on the bottom. These cuffs, it has been found, make fine receptacles for ashes — large enough to hold a great deal, and so constructed as to conceal what lies within them without altering the trimness of the trousers themselves. When the ashes have all been disposed of in this wise, the fire can be put out by means of a light pressing of the foot upon it on the floor, a dusting of the spot with the handkerchief, and a careful putting away of the dead stub in the pocket until such a time arrives as it can be cast away in an empty field. What ladies would do in cases like this, we do not know. Not possessing cuffs, they will have to solve the problem in their own wise way.



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Thus it would appear that though by smoking man is recognized as man—neither animal nor angel, still the precious privilege is not altogether without drawbacks. It is our considered opinion that the world would be much better off had smoking never been invented. There are other signs whereby man came be recognized as man. Let these be polished up. They will be enough.

### How Old Is Your Church?

If you are a *Lutheran*, your religion was founded by Martin Luther, an ex-monk of the Catholic Church, in the year 1517.

If you belong to the *Church of England*, your religion was founded by King Henry VIII in the year 1534 because the Pope would not grant him a divorce with the right to re-marry.

If you are a *Presbyterian*, your religion was founded by John Knox in Scotland in the year 1560.

If you are a *Protestant Episcopalian*, your religion was an offshoot of the Church of England, founded by Samuel Seabury in the American Colonies in the 17 century.

If you are a *Congregationalist*, your religion was originated by Robert Brown in Holland in 1582.

If you are a *Methodist*, your religion was launched by John and Charles Wesley in England in 1744.

If you are a *Unitarian*, Theophilus Lindley founded your Church in London in 1774.

If you are a *Mormon* (Latter Day Saints), Joseph Smith started your religion in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1829.

If you are a *Baptist*, you owe the tenets of your religion to John Smyth, who launched it in Amsterdam in 1606.

If you are of the *Dutch Reformed Church*, you recognize Michaelis Jones as founder, because he originated your religion in New York in 1628.

If you worship with the *Salvation Army*, your sect began with William Booth in London in 1865.

If you are a *Christian Scientist*, you look to 1879 as the year in which your religion was born and to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy as its founder.

If you are a *Roman Catholic*, you know that your religion was founded in the year 33 by Jesus Christ the Son of God, and that it has not changed since that time.

## QUESTION OF THE MONTH

*Is it wrong to go to professional fortune-tellers? Is it wrong to tell fortunes or to listen to others telling them, out of tea-cups, cards, etc.?*

Any credence given to someone who pretends to know the future by some occult means is a form of superstition and is therefore wrong. The precise point of evil in such credence lies in this, that one knows that the source of future knowledge is not divine, and not natural, and therefore it can be only from the devil. To pay a professional fortune-teller for a supposed revelation about your future is to pay for the services of the devil (if you really believe that knowledge of the future will be given) and is therefore always a grave sin. If one goes to a fortune-teller under the absolute conviction that he is a clever fake, and without the slightest belief in the accuracy of his predictions, it would not necessarily be a mortal sin, but there is always the danger of scandal, i.e., that others will be led to believe in the fortune-teller by your example, and the fact of cooperation, i.e., that by paying the fortune-teller you are helping to keep him in the business of leading people into sin.

Parlor fortune-telling, with tea-cups or cards, is not a sin if all who take part believe it to be only a form of amusement or the exercise of somebody's imagination and good guessing. Those who are clever at it, however, should be on their guard against letting weak-minded individuals begin to put any faith in the practice. If they found that someone was taking it seriously, or really looking for some knowledge of the future, they would be bound to inform that person that there was nothing to it at all.

## SIXTH COLUMN

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Not a pleasant subject, to be sure, but we might as well know where our real enemies are. They are in every city of the land.

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F. KINSELLA

WE ARE waving flags and blowing bugles and conscripting our manhood. We are fighting isms, and look with suspicion and hate upon the activity of the Fifth Column, while all the time there flourishes in our midst, under the guise of respectability, a bandit and racketeer and an insidious enemy of the state. Let us call him the Sixth Columnist. Like many spies and foreign agents he is not animated by high patriotism as much as he is driven by a lust for gold. Patriotism, our love for Free America, demands that we unmask this unholy traitor, whose god is gold, and whose religion is a corrupting greed.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the Sixth Columnist — the American Druggist.

Our big city newspapers pay enormous salaries to skilled editors and skilled writers to stamp out political corruption, to support national defense; they hire alert and clever reporters to track down crime and human interest news; they retain clever rewrite men who can pack drama into stories of White Slavery, Narcotics, Divorce. This all might serve some worthy purpose, but I know a useful and worthy citizen who hasn't opened a newspaper in fifteen years. Our editors, reporters, rewrite men would really serve their country if they were to unleash their talents in an exposé of a flourishing racket that is decimating the population of God's greatest country. We give them a lead on a news story of Public Service . . . Investigate, Gentlemen of the Press, the American Druggist!

His record in the past generation is not too wholesome. The greatest display room for printed filth has been the front counter of a drugstore with its lurid spread of cheap magazines.

"That's not news," chorus the gentlemen of the Press.

"Maybe not. But tarry a while, gentlemen, and investigate the merchandise that is sold in this drugstore. How it is sold, and why it is sold will give you a news angle that will make history."

**W** E INDICT the American Druggist, with but a few honorable exceptions, because he has a big investment, makes enormous profits, trafficking, in the Birth Control Racket. The Birth Control racket has an annual turnover of \$275,000,000. And your neighborhood druggist plays no small part in the success of this un-American Racket. Proof? We take you behind the scenes.

I have before me the promotional data of a wholesale drug company. To promote sales of a certain disgusting form of contraceptive, this wholesaler offers one gross absolutely free for every three gross purchased. There is a more attractive way of stating this "come-on." The Wholesaler puts it this way: "\$24.00 Brings You \$90.00." Almost three hundred per cent profit for anyone willing to sell his soul!

There are few druggists who resist this chance of huge profit. They offer the pale excuse that they have to supply the public. Their refusal to sell is taken as a rebuke by the guilty customer. Their excuse might be specious if we could forget that \$66.00 profit on a small investment of \$24.00. But when we find them paying their clerks ten per cent on all contraceptive sales, and in some cases twenty per cent, we accuse them of the rankest kind of hypocrisy. The busy drugstore goes in for quantity orders, and the clear profit runs about one hundred dollars a week.

We called these distributors of depravity Sixth Columnists. Why? They are helping to destroy American Life from within. The Harvard Summer Studies entitled "Tomorrow's Children" has just revealed that in the past ten years there has been a decline of two million in the population under twenty years of age.

If we wanted to write "Advice to Adolph," we'd simply say to that man of military might: "Wait."

We must give credit where credit is due. In the past twenty years the birth rate in Germany increased. In France and England the birth rate declined. God the Creator once said: "Increase and multiply and FILL THE EARTH AND RULE IT." The German people took the God of Nations at His word. Unless our country does the same it will meet the fate of France. Decrease the youth of the land by two million every ten years, and in a few generations our mighty battleships will operate with skeleton crews, our fifty thousand fighting planes will have to be operated by robot control. There just won't be any manpower.

IT IS not the purpose of this writer to give the sublime and exalted reasons the Christian has for combating the diabolical forces of the Birth Control Racket. The Christian operates on the sound principle that each time a child is born into the world, its parents have been the exalted instrument in the hands of God the Creator. Each time a child is born, the Kingdom of God on earth is increased, and the number of God's future saints in heaven grows.

Let us be patriotic, but let our patriotism be fundamental. Let it start with a scathing indictment of the Sixth Column which reaps a profit in gold on human depravity.

### *Fourth Century Contraception*

It would be well for modern pagans to read what St. Augustine had to say about the cruel lust practiced in the fourth century. Present day advocates of birth prevention, not the Catholic Church, are behind the times. It is a strong condemnation which this holy bishop levels against the devilish devices used then and now:

"They who resort to these, although called by the name of man and wife, are not really such; they retain no vestige of true matrimony, but falsely take on the honorable designation as a cloak for their criminal conduct. Having also proceeded so far, they are betrayed into exposing their children, who are born against their will. Those whom they begot with dislike, they have a hatred of nourishing and retaining. This infliction of cruelty of their offspring, so reluctantly begotten, unmasks the sin which they had practiced in darkness, and drags it clearly into the light of day. The open cruelty reproves the hidden sin. Sometimes, indeed, this lustful cruelty, or, if you please, cruel lust, resorts to such abnormal methods as the use of poisonous drugs to secure barrenness; or else if unsuccessful in this, to destroy the conceived seed by some means previous to birth, preferring that its offspring should rather perish than receive vitality, or, if it was advancing to life within the womb, should be deprived of it even before birth. Well, if both parties alike are so corrupt, they are not husband and wife; and if such was their character from the beginning, they have not come altogether so much by holy wedlock as by abominable debauchery; either the woman is, so to speak, the husband's harlot; or the man his wife's adulterer."

**DR. CRANE —**  
**EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST**

***An Interpretation***

ELSIE: Dr. Crane, what am I to do? I am thirty-three years old, and am in love with a man who is a Catholic. I am a Protestant. Does that make any difference? I know several couples who appear to have faced this problem satisfactorily. At least, they seem to be happy to all outward appearances. What should I do?

DR. CRANE: As to your religious differences, Elsie, it is best ordinarily for the father to select the religion of the mother, if she is an active church worker, for her influence on the children is likely to be more vivid than that of the father. Also it is to be remembered that a girl's religious fervor should not be checked by making her accept a new faith. If however the girl is not active and the husband is an ardent worker in the church, it may be wise to adopt his church. Elsie, you and your sweetheart can be an ideally happy couple. But you must play the game according to the psychological rules.

CHRIST: One moment, Dr. Crane. As far as I recall, I did not make the criterion of My religion merely the good of the children or the rules of psychology, as you seem to infer. I say *infer*, for your answer to poor Elsie is wishy-washy, cloudy, and weak, to say the least. No, I based My religion on truth—truth, one and indivisible. There can be no contradictions, no negations in it any more than there can be in Me. Thus, if husband and wife have quite different religions, it is reasonable to say that one is right and the other is wrong, and the wisdom of adopting the religion of the one that goes to church more frequently is questionable indeed. Or the religion of both is wrong; then it behooves both husband and wife to pray, consult and study until they find the religion that I founded and which I would have all men join. Even you, Dr. Crane, could find the true religion with constant prayer, consultation and study. I would strongly advise you, my dear Doctor, to rewrite the column you addressed to Elsie on September 6th, 1940. As for you, Elsie, don't do it. Study his religion first. I'll do the rest.

## SEE HOW THEY LOVE

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The praises of the early Christian communities have filled many a volume and inspired many a sermon. Here the spirit of the early Christians is shown existing in one place in the modern world.

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C. DUHART

TO COMPARE the life of a Catholic parish or a religious community to that of the early Christians is to shower upon it the highest praise. It is generally conceded that never has the strong and vigorous practice of living Christianity so closely paralleled the beauty and sublimity of doctrinal Christianity as in the days of the apostles and their immediate successors.

It is because the writer believes he has seen a modern Catholic parish leading a life resembling that of the early Christians that he ventures to bring into these pages for the second time the name of St. Monica's Mission for Negroes in Atlantic City.

In the previous article, mention was made of the phenomenal growth of the parish within the brief space of a year—a growth almost literally from the insignificant mustard seed into a flourishing tree of expanding dimensions. The methods by which the capable and industrious pastor, Father Hudzik, had welcomed some one hundred and forty converts into the true fold were also described.

During the months which have intervened, the work whose goal is the inclusion of every Negro in Atlantic City in St. Monica's Mission Church has progressed by leaps and bounds. There has been no slackening either in Father Hudzik's indefatigable labors, nor in the fruit which those labors have enabled him to garner for the granaries of the Lord. Evenings are still spent in the giving of lectures, the chief human instrument in this wonderful work of conversion; days are filled with instructions for those who are eager to be embraced by the loving arms of the Catholic Church.

This present article seeks to draw a comparison between the life of St. Monica's parish and that of the early Christian communities, and the basis of this comparison will be two expressions which have come down to us through the centuries, descriptive of the vital spark which made Christianity the great world force it turned out to be.



## THE LIGURIAN

ONE of these expressions was found on the lips of the pagans in the Roman Empire, and was evoked by the lives of purest charity led by the Christians. Seeing the practice of a beautiful virtue, of which their pagan religion hardly knew the name, they cried out: "See how these Christians love one another."

Pagan Rome looked out upon a sight which struck it with amazement. It saw thousands of Christians living in perfect harmony—the rich deeming their wealth of paltry value if they could not spend it in alleviating the miseries of the poor; the poor not envying the possessions of the rich, but thanking God that He had blessed their benefactors with the treasures of the earth.

Pagan Rome gasped with astonishment when it saw the gates of Christian temples flung open equally to masters and slaves, when it saw Christianity admit indifferently the one and the other to the honors of the priesthood and the episcopate, and even repose the keys of St. Peter in servile hands. It saw the master and slave kneeling side by side at the altar rail, receiving their God into their hearts. It saw the Christian master instructing his slave in the truths of the wonderful new religion, or the slave discharging the same sublime office towards his master. It saw the Christian master kneeling penitently before his slave, raised to the priesthood, to seek from him forgiveness of his sins. It saw the whole Christian world, masters and slaves, giving fullest respect and obedience to the Vicar of Christ on earth, a slave of slave parents. It saw the Christian noble and rich reverently collecting the mutilated remains of their own martyred slaves. It saw the master and the slave standing together in the arena dying for the same God, the same beliefs, the same noble ideals.

And pagan Rome witnessing such a strange sight in open-mouthed wonderment could only gasp its awe and amazement: "See how these Christians love one another."

A STRANGER coming into St. Monica's Negro Mission Church in Atlantic City, and examining the work of the pastor, Father Hudzik, and his parishioners, would be forced to exclaim: "See how they love one another." There are no sharp distinctions in classes and in wealth as existed in early Christian times, and what distinctions there may be are quickly and thoroughly erased by an all-pervading charity.

## THE LIGUORIAN

When Father Hudzik came to Atlantic City, he was one stout-hearted missionary trying to break a clearing in the deep underbrush of ignorance of the Catholic Faith. Today, every member of the parish of some seven hundred souls is a missionary, eager and anxious to carry the good tidings of the true Faith into the hearts and lives of their less fortunate brethren. Every convert is nine or ten potential converts because each feels that he can offer no more acceptable thanksgiving to God than by bringing others to share the great happiness of the peace and contentment of God's own Church.

These people are ardent, zealous proselytizers. They are proselytizers in the same noble sense that St. Francis Xavier and Christ Himself were proselytizers. They employ in a far nobler cause the same untiring energy and ceaseless activity by which the missionaries of Communism have made of their gospel of hate a world-wide movement.

The ambitions of these parishioners of St. Monica's are centered in their own parish. They wish to make of St. Monica's Mission not only a religious, but a recreational, social, educational center as well. St. Monica's represents the whole of life to them, and they realize that they have in their church everything which spells their happiness. And when they are asked why they have been willing to give themselves up so whole-heartedly to the cause of the advancement of religion, they sometimes point to their pastor and say: "How could we do otherwise when we see him setting us such a high example."

**M**ENTION was made above of two expressions describing the lives of the early Christians. The second is that found in the vivid pages of the fierce apologist, Tertullian, where he writes: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

How the pagans must have wondered at the vitality of this new movement which they sought to stamp out by fire and sword, scourge and cross! They must have thought Christianity some noxious weed for the more they sought to uproot it from the soil of the pagan empire, the more deeply it imbedded its roots in the land, and the more widely it diffused itself through city and country. They must have wondered at the unflinching courage of sensitive women and tender children who allowed the most diabolic of tortures to be tried upon them without wavering in the least in their holy religion.

And all the while the precious drops of martyrs' blood were seeping

## THE LIGUORIAN

wholesomely into that pagan world. To the amazement of the pagans, they saw before their eyes now where before had stood one Christian, ten new Christians ready to suffer and die for the faith of Christ.

**I**N St. Monica's parish, there has been no blood of martyrs spilled, but there have been shed many drops of the blood of sacrifice, and that blood too will prove to be the seed of Christians.

There have, of course, been the sacrifices of the pastor, Father Hudzik. From the day of his arrival at St. Monica's to the present, there have been few idle moments in his life. He first attracted the attention of the people of the district by appearing in public wearing his clerical collar and bearing in his hands the carpentry tools with which he set to work on the dilapidated chapel and rectory. These men and women became interested in the priest who set out with such determination to fix his dwelling in their midst. They stopped to speak to him. He told them of his lectures, how he would talk to them of the God Who was as much their Father as of the white people who might foolishly lord it over them; of the Savior Who had shed His blood as willingly for them as for any man on the face of the earth; of the great Catholic Church which admitted to its Sacraments every human being who would come to her.

They decided these lectures would be worth listening to. They came, at first in small numbers, then in crowds, which forced Father Hudzik to consider the erection of a hall to accommodate them.

It was in the building of this hall that an example of self-sacrifice was given which bears favorable comparison with the sacrifices of the early Christians. The funds of St. Monica's Mission are not abundant, and it was expedient that the hall be erected as cheaply as possible.

A group of men of the parish volunteered to provide most of the labor needed in the work of construction. These men were full-time workers in their ordinary occupations. Yet, for the space of several weeks they appeared punctually at St. Monica's after their day's work was completed. And then through the hours of the evening, night and early morning they bent their minds and bodies to the task of constructing the hall. Sometimes they would work there until three or four o'clock in the morning, permitting themselves two or three hours rest before being obliged to make their appearance at their own place

## THE LIGURIAN

of occupation. And this routine was maintained through the course of several weeks — without a murmur of complaint, without any expectation or desire of remuneration, with only a deep sense of satisfaction that they were lending their time and strength and rest to the advancement of St. Monica's Parish, and indirectly but certainly to the spread of the work of bringing souls to Christ and the Catholic Church.

ON one Saturday during the month, some of these men undertake a further burden — the task of writing, arranging, and mimeographing the parish paper "The Voice." This means more hours of labor, more sacrifice, but this task also is undertaken willingly and enthusiastically. The editors keep an eye constantly on what their white brethren in the Catholic Church are doing for the cause of expansion of Negro convert work, and they are quick to seize upon examples, as they have a right to do, of attitudes of white Catholics toward the Negro which would never have wrung from the lips of observers the admission: "See how they love one another."

The whole of St. Monica's Parish has taken up the work of sacrifice for the advancement of Christ's cause in Atlantic City. Each section of the parish population has its own contribution to offer, whether it be preparing for parish affairs, such as their glorious May procession and crowning, or offering assistance in making their chapel a worthy dwelling place for the King of Kings.

They have not been called upon to shed their blood for their Faith. But they have willingly offered their sacrifices for the propagation of their holy religion. And it is their hope and prayer and expectation, and that of those who have been privileged to wonder at and admire their spirit of sacrifice, that their sacrifices will indeed be the "seed of Christians."

### *Guess What These Churches Are*

The Church of the Absolute Center  
The Five Points Mission  
The Sadhub B. Singh Church  
The Conservative Dunkers  
The Four Square Gospel Church  
The Disciples  
The Free Will Baptist Church

## MOMENTS AT MASS

### THE PREFACE

F. A. BRUNNER

Mozart, it is reported, would have given up all his works to be known, were it possible, as the composer of the Preface chants. Indeed, these glorious songs, which form the introduction or foreword to the canon of the Mass, are both as music and as poetry some of the really fine gems of the Catholic liturgy.

#### 1. *Historical Considerations:*

The Gospels relate that our Lord, before he consecrated the bread and wine at the last supper, "gave thanks" to almighty God. The Preface is the Church's supplementing of that unspoken prayer. It emphasizes the character of the Mass as a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Christ in the Mass becomes our thanksgiving to God and every Mass therefore presents a paean of gratitude of which the Preface is only a feeble echo.

#### 2. *Structure of the Prefaces:*

The Prefaces are not prose pieces, but poems in free verse. Each preface is preceded by a series of acclamations in the form of a dialog between priest and people. Then taking up and expanding the last acclamation, the celebrant unfolds the glories of God and his goodness to men who in Christ have a mediator to make heaven and earth less separate.

##### a. *The Dialog:*

The dialog, which is found almost identical in all the Mass rites both east and west, opens with the customary greeting or blessing of the priest.

*Priest:* The Lord be with you!

*People:* And with you too!

To this the priest adds an invitation to enter into the sublime drama. Lifting up his arms in a symbolic gesture, the celebrant presses the congregation to join in his heavenward prayer.

*Priest:* Up high with your hearts!

*People:* Already they are held up to the Lord.

*Priest:* Let us thank the Lord our God.

*People:* Fit and proper it is.

##### b. *The Song of Praise and Thanksgiving:*

With arms outstretched the priest continues the chant, addressing God through the intercession of Christ, the head of the Church, and in union with all the blessed spirits who in heaven celebrate the mysteries which we on earth are privileged to attend. In cadences firm and flowing, in words that unite poetry to faith, the Preface brings us to the very heart of prayer:

Fit it is, and proper, wise and advantageous,  
that we in all times and in all places should thank thee.

## LOVE ON DEMAND (IV)

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*Synopsis:* John Harrington wants to get married. In a moment of zealous idealism, he has resolved to get acquainted with a nice non-Catholic girl, lead her into the Catholic faith, then propose to and marry her. Within a few weeks he has now met 1) an attractive girl who is a zealous worker in one of the Protestant religions; 2) a girl of the same religion who has hinted at an attraction for the Catholic faith; 3) a Catholic girl who has appeared just when his mind is all mixed up about the other two girls. It seemed a great relief to be with the third girl after the entanglements that arose from his problems with the others. The sense of relief was short-lived.

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D. F. MILLER

THE week following his introduction to Mary Kelly was spent by John Harrington in an attempt to revise his previous notions about love. As he looked back, he could see that in his life he had gone through two successive stages of conviction about love, and now he was in the third. The first had been when, still in his teens, he had thought that love was a devastating force that seized upon one and overwhelmed his faculties to the extent that no mistake about it could possibly be made, and nothing could be done about it except to succumb to its power. That, he remembered, had been the result of reading too many best-selling novels, wherein love struck like lightning and paralyzed all freedom. Once or twice he had thought it had smitten him thus, as he feverishly pursued some new acquaintance (in her teens like himself) whose charms had at first sight seemed to constitute perfection. But the spell had passed with time and better knowledge, and gradually he had found himself becoming disillusioned about the absolute tyranny of love.

The second phase of his attitude toward love was the period in which reaction against the first became crystallized in definite convictions. During that time he became very blasé about love. He believed that it could be turned on or off like an electric light, as a man pleased. He felt very superior while such convictions lasted, and they lasted through most of his twenties. He had no intention of marrying then, and he felt that nothing could make him fall in love. He met many girls, but pursued none. Match-making friends would point out the excellences of this one or that one, but it had no effect upon John. He was immune

to love, until he should decide he wanted to fall in love. The climax of this period was his decision to make love consequent on his success in leading a non-Catholic girl into the Catholic faith. He had made the decision without any doubt about its feasibility.

The second stage was passed now. He was no longer so sure about the freedom of a man to turn love on or off as he pleased. He now knew three girls, and if it was as easy as he thought, all he had to do was select one, deliberately fall in love, and then he was fixed for life. But the selecting business was so surrounded by "ifs," so hopelessly confused amid the mixed feelings and desires of his heart, that he began to think he was not going to dominate the issue at all.

There was Anita Merriam. Soft-spoken, genteel, guileless, good-looking Anita, towards whom, at their first meeting, he had felt an attraction that seemed very much like the all-conquering love he had believed in during his teens. Then he had remembered his determination first to make a Catholic out of a girl and only then to fall in love with her. He had flipped his mind around till it concentrated on doing just that, and then found out that Anita was so wrapped up in her Protestant church work that it would take, as he thought, more tact and knowledge than he possessed to change her convictions. So checkmated had he been by this that he had not yet even told Anita that he was a Catholic.

Then there was Lucille Terry. A good girl, hard-working, serious-minded, intelligent. Capable of a kind of good looks of which no man need be ashamed. Above all, interested in his faith. It would be a cinch to convince her, with that start. Almost all converts started with doubts just like Lucille's. Objectively, she seemed like the answer of Providence to his proposed plan: convert her, fall in love with her, marry her.

And now there was Mary Kelly. Was it only a psychology of escape that made her appeal to him so strongly? He never realized before how infinite is the difference between association with people who hold the same religious truths as you do and those whose views are poles apart from your own. He felt at home with Mary. With her his laughter was unforced, free. With her his conversation sparkled, because he did not have to censor everything he was about to say with the thought that "maybe she won't understand." And Mary seemed to feel the same way. Furthermore she was pretty in a very unsophisticated sense. There were four or five freckles, scattered over the bridge of her nose; she had Irish blue eyes, and hair that had just escaped being red by a gleam.



By the end of the week John had decided only three things: 1) That he would *not* "chuck" the whole confounded business and take a trip around the world. 2) That he would wait for further developments before making any precipitate decisions. To promote developments he proceeded to make a date with each of the three girls for the coming week: Anita on Monday, Lucille on Wednesday and Mary on Friday. 3) He would have a talk with Father Wentworth before seeing any of the girls again. This last was a confession of diffidence in himself that, a few months before, he would never have thought possible.

"YOU'RE just the man I wanted to see," said Father Wentworth, when John was admitted to his study, and the greetings were over. John selected the chair on which was piled the least number of books, put the books on the floor, pulled up the chair near the priest's desk, and sat down.

"Is that so?" said John, dubiously, instead of breaking into an explanation of his own problem.

"Yes, sir," continued the priest, "I've got some work for you, and it's right down your alley. I've started something new — instructions on Sunday mornings for the growing number of children we have found in the parish who are not attending the Catholic School. You're going to be one of the instructors."

"Me?" said John, aghast.

"You," said Father Wentworth. "And don't tell me you're not interested, because if I remember rightly, you once convinced me that a Catholic is not worth his salt who is not willing to use any means within reason to bring the faith to others."

"But," expostulated John, "I can't do that. I don't know enough. I never taught anybody anything. I'd be scared to death —"

"You scared? Don't make me laugh. As to the knowledge, we'll see that you get that."

"But ye gods and little fishes," said John, "I came here to see you because I'm all mixed up in problems of my own. I came here because I'm not the guy you think I am. I'm stuck. I'm in a quandary. I'm looking for help, not offering any to others right now."

"That's all right, old man. Life is all give and take. We'll iron out the details later. Now, what's the matter?"

John started from scratch. He reminded the priest of his proposal of some time back, and the arguments they had had about it. Then he described his three girl friends, injecting something of his feelings into each description. Finally he ended up:

"What I want to know is this: Is there anything you think I ought to do that I haven't thought about? Does my obligation toward all three girls, or any one of them, look any more clear to you than it does to me? To me it's all just one great big mess of conflicting emotions, feelings, obligations, possibilities. What am I going to do?"

Father Wentworth took his pipe out of his mouth and laughed quietly. It wasn't a tantalizing laugh, nor a ridiculing one in any sense of the word. It merely expressed what the priest soon put into words.

"Is that all? It's a mix-up, I'll grant, but why be so precipitous and impulsive about looking for the solution? There's plenty of time."

"But," explained John, "I used to think it was all going to be so simple — just a matter of making up one's mind. But I can't make up my mind."

"Nor should you make up your mind right off. What you're learning for your life-long benefit is that you shouldn't think you can mould all the circumstances of your life to suit your own plans and your own will. Other people have wills, too, and they are just as free as your own. And there's a providence that guides things, often in ways that we can't understand. Relax. Take it easy. Figure out the problem nearest at hand, and do what you can with that. For the rest, wait till you have enough certainty to make a wise decision."

"Well, here I am with a date with three different girls all in one week. What's my most immediate problem in that — the one that I can solve?"

"That's easy. With Anita, I'd say the first thing to do is tell her you're a Catholic and something of why. Maybe that'll solve that problem right off — maybe she'll drop you once and for all. With Lucille, why not just go through with what she asked you? Tell her about your religion. Answer her questions. With Mary — I guess maybe you had better drop Mary — if you still plan on going through with your program." He said this in an off-hand fashion, while he searched about under the mass of papers on his desk for a match. In a moment a cloud of smoke hid his face from John's searching gaze.

"Humph," said John finally. "You make it sound too easy. The first

two things, I'll do. The last one — maybe I'll have to keep the date I've got for Friday with Mary, and after that, I'll see."

"By all means," said Father Wentworth. "By all means keep the date for Friday." And John couldn't be sure whether it was a twinkle or just natural good humor that he saw in the eyes of the priest as he said good-bye.

**I**T WAS Monday evening. Despite the fact that it had been raining all day and was raining still, John and Anita Merriam were keeping their date by taking a drive. John's car whooshed through flat stretches of water covering the highway; the windshield wiper kept click-clacking away, and rain kept coming down relentlessly as they headed towards Silver Lake.

The weather had provided the topic of conversation till they were well outside the city. Disagreement in their reactions to it had kept the subject alive. Anita liked the rain. She liked to ride in the rain. She liked the sound of it, the freshness of it, the smell of it. John vouchsafed that he did not care much for it — he would prefer a warm, clear, moonlit evening. He felt more than he said — he felt it was a beastly night, but he had a job to do and was going to do it — rain or no rain.

"Anita," he said, when the subject of the weather had been drained, "it is high time that I tell you something — something I should have told you long ago."

Anita let him proceed without answering. She sat huddled up — very serious, very quiet, on her side of the car.

"Perhaps, instead of asking for this date, I should have written a note to you to tell you, so that you could have decided what to do. But, well, I liked you so much the first time we met, that I had a hankering to see more of you. That's why I'm telling you the difficult way."

This time Anita broke in. "I know, John. You deceived me," she said. There was an emotion in her voice that John could not quite fathom. It wasn't rebuke, it wasn't anger, it wasn't disappointment. She continued. "You are a Catholic and you were afraid to tell me after you found me working for my church. Mary Kelly let it slip out when we were talking together, though she didn't intend to."

"Mary Kelly!" said John.

"Yes — Mary. It was after we had already spent two or three eve-

nings together. It just slipped out on her and she felt terrible. But do you know how it made me feel? It made me feel so happy I wanted to cry."

"To cry!" said John.

"Yes — you know how you cry for joy? Well, Mary didn't know it, but she had already convinced me that her religion — your religion — had a million times more certainty, comfort, beauty, joy — to offer than anything I ever believed. Don't you see why I felt like crying for joy?"

"Yes," said John, humbly. "Yes, Anita. I almost feel like doing that myself."

(To be continued)

## We — A Democracy

Who says that we're a democracy?

We have movie *queens*, beauty *queens*, *queens* of every vegetable and fruit grown on our farms or in our gardens, of every product of industry brought forth in our factories, of every town, city and state; we even have a *Queens* borough in New York.

We have *King* streets, *King* theatres, and Budweiser "The *King* of Bottled Beer."

We have officials (Huey Long et al.) with as much power as an *emperor*, political bosses (too numerous to mention) with more power than some *dictators*, millionaires (international bankers) with larger *empires* than Napoleon or Alexander — and apparently we like it.

We love to fete foreign *royalty* when it comes to our shores, read in the papers of *royalty's* and *ex-royalty's* doings when it cavorts on neighboring islands, and be presented to *royalty's* court if we happen to be in town when *royalty* is home.

We believe in pageantry, parades, color, bands (American Legion conventions, World's Fairs, Veiled Prophet in St. Louis and Mardi Gras in New Orleans) more fervently than did the *princes* of the Middle Ages or the *Swiss Guards* of the Vatican.

Perhaps Mr. Cram was right when he said in one of his recent books that the American people are such that they want, need and should have a *king* to rule them.

# Catholic Anecdotes



## YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

A PROTESTANT rector once invited the famous Father O'Leary to see his church. While the monk was examining it, the parson thought he was contrasting its nakedness with the interior beauty of Catholic churches, and said:

"You perceive, Mr. O'Leary, that we are different from you Catholics. We are very sparing of ornament in our churches: we have neither paintings nor statuary to attract the worshippers' attention."

"Ah, yes," said Father O'Leary, with a knowing smile, "after all, you are very young housekeepers."

## THE WRONG KEY

THE same priest, Father O'Leary, was once invited to dinner with the famous lawyer and statesman, John Philpot Curran. In the course of their conversation, which sparkled with acute controversy and wit, the lawyer said to the monk:

"I wish, Reverend Father, that you were St. Peter."

"And why, Counsellor," answered the priest, "would you wish that I were St. Peter?"

"Because in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could *let me in*."

"By my honor and conscience," replied the monk, "it would be better for you if I had the keys of the other place, for then I could *let you out*."

Curran laughed heartily, and then soberly admitted there was some justice in the retort.

## QUID PRO QUO

A NOBLEMAN arranged with the painter Hogarth to have a picture made, its subject to be the scene of the Israelites at the Red Sea. But he haggled so much over the price, that the artist finally had to agree to paint at half the price he thought it was worth.

## THE LIGURIAN

The picture was soon finished, and when the nobleman came to see it for the first time, he found to his amazement nothing but a piece of canvas covered with red paint.

"Where are the Israelites in the picture?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, they have already crossed over," said Hogarth.

"Well, where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all lying drowned at the bottom of the sea."

## NOT INSANITY—JUST SIN

THE distinguished English convert, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, tells this story about his father, who was on a board of doctors which decided whether those presented for admission into a certain insane asylum were really insane or not.

A physician certified a certain man to be insane and in the evidence he presented for that fact was this item: "He called me a d=d fool."

In answer to which Dr. Sutherland wrote laconically: "The remark quoted is not necessarily evidence of an unsound mind."

## VANITY

LEO XIII had a very witty mind, and was as fond of a joke as anyone. Once he was receiving a group of people in audience, and, according to his custom, he went from person to person shrewdly guessing their nationality.

"You are a Frenchman," he said to a dignified individual in formal dress and with extremely courtly manners.

"I have that honor, Your Holiness," was the reply.

The Pope hastily pressed his finger to his lips. "Hush," he whispered loudly, "Spare the feelings of others who do not enjoy that great privilege."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ***Compassion For Suffering***

Pity and compassion fill our hearts when we read about the sufferings being undergone by many peoples of the world. Horror is awakened as we see, day after day, the picture of bombed hospitals and dwelling places; as we read about thousands of people huddled in damp air-raid shelters beneath the ground; as we scan the reports of famine and starvation squeezed out of countries that are in the throes of war. Yet as we read and are horrified, a sense of futility overwhelms us; we feel that there is nothing we can do about it right now except pray that the wills of war-making leaders of nations will somehow be changed.

No such sense of futility should accompany our horrified thoughts about the suffering being undergone by the souls in Purgatory. All suffering on earth is in some way a punishment for sin, but it is only a partial punishment. The full punishment and therefore the worst suffering comes when a soul has passed beyond this world and is found at odds, in small matters or great, with the infinite purity and justice of God. The cries of the wounded in war and the groans of the dying should be strong reminders of the more desolate cries of those who are suffering in Purgatory till the last farthing be paid.

And for these last, there is something we can do right now. We have a certain power over even the justice of God, which in His goodness He has given. It is possible to say a prayer, and shorten the sufferings of the poor souls. It is possible to sacrifice some little pleasure, and so to substitute for probably a year's suffering yet due to some soul in Purgatory. It is possible to have Masses said, and to know that the Blood of Christ, which was enough to heal a whole race, will be applied to those still detained in Purgatory that they may escape to heaven.



Any suffering is hard to witness. Suffering that we cannot alleviate is harder still. Yet we have lost something of our humanity if, knowing that there is suffering which we can end by almost insignificant efforts, we remain idle and unconcerned. Be neither idle nor unconcerned during November, the month of the holy souls in Purgatory.

### ***Election-Month***

Very little matter of a genuinely political nature is ever found in the pages of this magazine. It is not that the editors have no personal views about political affairs, but rather that it is impossible to know all the facts necessary for certain judgment in political matters. It would therefore not seem right to make necessarily probable personal judgments the basis for taking public part in political campaigns. This magazine deals essentially with certainties — certainties that can be measured and rationalized and proved. It is hard to arrive at such certainties in political affairs.

As a matter of fact, it may almost be said that the very ideal of politics is to exaggerate probabilities into certainties — and certainties of so apocalyptic and world-crashing import that they would drive insane anyone who took them seriously. One side claims that if its opponent is elected the American people will be chained hand and foot to the wheels of a dictator's chariot; the other side announces that there will be starvation, famine, ruin and revolution if the people make a mistake in the coming election. The grounds for either statement are anything but solid and unanswerable, and more often than not, if there were any solid grounds for the accusations hurled, the one at whom they are directed would long since have been either exiled or in jail.

Such however is politics: there is nothing shrinking or logical or reserved about it; it is a cult of exaggeration and blind prophecy and impossible promises right down to the moment when the issue is decided once and for all. Then the noise all ceases of a sudden; men and women forget both the terrifying warnings and the utopian promises, and things go on pretty much as before.

In the midst of it all, one certainty remains. Every individual American has an obligation to use his judgment as sanely and thoughtfully as he can and register his own vote. Sanity requires that he discount the wild exaggerations of a campaign; that he read what he

can about the philosophies and programs of the candidates; that he try to reach at least a solidly probable judgment and then express it by means of the ballot. More than that can hardly be expected.

### ***Substitution***

One reason why education in the United States has taken so many bizarre twists and turns, and why it does not seem to be capable of preventing a terrifying number of youths from entering the ranks of criminals, is the fact that almost nobody remembers this truth; a school should be no more nor less than a partial substitute for a home.

Examine that statement. A substitute is one who is supposed to do, as best as he can, the same work that is primarily the task of the one for whom he substitutes. A substitute is not to go off on a tangent of his own; not to try to do things that are outside the scope of the one whose place he is taking. A substitute quarter-back sent into a football game to take the place of an injured first-string quarter-back will not help his team much if he decides after getting in the game that he would rather play end.

It is the school's task to substitute for a mother and father — and that means that a school's task is clearly defined. The first task of a mother and father is to build up the character of their children; second to this, related to it, is the task of providing them with sufficient knowledge and science, general and special, to fit them for a useful life and a happy eternity. What a mother and father cannot accomplish of these things, they delegate to the school.

But most of the schools accept the delegation and then proceed to forget all about the fact that they are only substituting for a mother and father. Character, religion, will-power, moral habits — these things have no place in their activities at all. They try to pump knowledge into the children — knowledge that is about as useful without character, as gasoline to a car without an engine.

And the sad part of it all is that parents themselves do not realize that the school should be only a substitute for themselves. If they did realize it, they would demand that the schools of their children put first things first and second things second and last things last. That, incidentally, is the whole plan and purpose of every Catholic School.

## ***The Profession of Football***

Recently one of the papers carried an interview that a reporter had held with a prospective All-American football star. One of the first questions, of course, was how the young man liked the game of football. To the amazement of the reporter the prominent fullback answered that he hated it; that throughout the fall it stole just about one third of every day's available hours, from four until nine o'clock; that the only reason he played it was because without it he would have no chance of a higher education at all.

This could be the place to lash out at college football as a great public evil and private calamity for all concerned. But that would not necessarily be logical. College football has its advantages and blessings, even apart from the thrill it brings to thousands of spectators every Saturday. The thing that should be lashed out against is the manner in which it is carried to extremes. It is just another instance of the old American custom of not being able to be moderate in anything that can promote either one's fame or one's assets.

No sane man would ever argue that football is anything but a side interest of education. Originally and logically, it is a means of promoting physical well-being and the sense of sportsmanship in those who are preparing morally and intellectually for the battle of life. Remaining just that, it could provide as much joy and excitement to the public as it does.

But it has not remained just that. For those who take part in the sport, it is a fierce, do-or-die business. Some of them, with great natural ability, are allured to it by promises that they will get their education free, but the result is that the only thing they get an education in is football. And the exceptional honor student who manages to collect some kind of an education while he gives five or six hours a day to football is the exception that proves the rule.

So, if we were asked by any young man entering a university whether he should go out for football or not, we should answer thus: If you want to make a living by football after graduation, and you think you can, by all means go out for football in college. If you want to get an education in anything else leave football to those who are making it their whole profession and their life work.

### ***What Books are Bad?***

Catholics are noted for their broadmindedness in matters that do not pertain to faith and morals. In politics, in tastes, in a thousand other things there can be as many opinions as there are individuals in the Church. But in dogma they are one—or they are no longer living members of Christ. This solidarity is wonderful to behold, and indeed a sign of God's perpetual guidance of the Church He founded.

We wish, however, that there were more solidarity amongst Catholics in other matters.

Of late years a difference of opinion has been arising amongst Catholics, not on what is evil, but on whether or not certain novels can be said to partake of evil. A restatement of our doctrine of purity is this. That is not allowed which of its very nature gives rise to passion and which is placed without necessity. Thus, if a novel describes very intimate scenes, and the only purpose of the author is to portray things that happen to men and women, it is difficult to see how any Catholic can write an article in a magazine in praise of such a book. It makes little difference how exquisite is the English in the novel, or how sweeping the Weltanschauung, or how supreme the knowledge the author has of human nature. Such a book is an occasion of sin. And critics should be very wary of placing upon it the stamp of their approval.

It is to be regretted that approval has been given in recent weeks to books, or at least one book that to say the least is doubtful.

In these matters it is better to be conservative than progressive.

### ***Truck-Drivers vs. Nuns***

Truck drivers are not all bad men. Many of them have the public welfare very much at heart. Some time ago the truck-drivers of Jamaica put in a complaint to the civil authorities about the good Sisters. They said that certain Sisters were a distinct menace to society. These Sisters were driving their own automobiles, but due to the fact that their headpieces extended so far beyond their faces, it was impossible for the Sisters to see what was coming from the right and the left. Several of the truck drivers had to make sudden turns to avoid accidents. The matter was taken to the ecclesiastical authorities, and the upshot of it was that the Sisters were told to cut down their headpieces by a least two or three inches. They acceded to the request, and the traffic menace was removed.

# +-----LIGUORIANA-----+

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART (Continued)

And many devout persons hope that the Holy Church may some day grant permission for the office,

**From:**  
**Novena to the**  
**Sacred Heart**

and proper Mass, in honor of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. We

know, indeed, that even in the year 1726 this request was made through the medium of the same Father Gallifet, who was the postulator of it; he explained that the Sacred Heart of Jesus deserved this special veneration, because it was the sensible origin and the seat of all the affections of the Redeemer, and especially that of love; and because it was also the center of all the interior sorrows which He suffered during His life. But, as far as my weak judgment goes, I believe that this good religious did not obtain his petition because he urged it upon grounds which were dubiously tenable. It was therefore justly objected to his views that it was a great question as to whether the affections of the soul were found in the heart or in the brain; and even the most modern philosophers, with Louis Muratori in his moral philosophy, adopt the second opinion, viz., of the brain. And that therefore, as there had been no judgment pronounced concerning this disputed point by the Church, which prudently abstains from such decisions, the request made was not to be granted, inasmuch as it was grounded on an uncertain opinion of the ancients. And it was moreover said, that as this special

motive for the veneration of the Sacred Heart had failed, it would not be right to grant the petition for the Office and Mass; because otherwise this might be a precedent for similar requests in favor of the most holy side, of the tongue, of the eyes, and other members of Jesus Christ's body. This is the substance of what I find recorded in the celebrated work on the canonization of the saints, of Benedict XIV, of blessed memory.

But the hope we entertain, that this concession will some day be granted in favor of the Heart of Our Lord, is not built upon the above-mentioned opinion of the ancients, but on the common opinion of philosophers, both ancient and modern, that the human heart, even though it may not be the seat of the affections and the principle of life, is, notwithstanding, as the most learned Muratori writes in the same place, "one of the primary fountains and organs of the life of man." For the generality of modern physicians agree in saying that the fountain and principle of the circulation of the blood is the heart, to which are attached the veins and arteries; and therefore there is no doubt that the other parts of the body receive their principle of motion from the heart. If, therefore, the heart is one of the "primary fountains" of human life, it cannot be doubted that the heart has a principal share in the affections of men. And, indeed, one may observe from experience, that the internal affections of sorrow and love produce a

much greater impression on the heart than on all the other parts of the body. And especially with regard to love, without naming many other saints, it is recorded of St. Philip Neri, that in his fervors of love towards God, heat came forth from his heart so that it might be felt on his chest, and his heart palpitated so violently that it beat against the head of anyone that approached him; and by a supernatural prodigy our Lord enlarged the ribs of the saint round his heart, which, agitated by the ardor he felt, required a greater space to be able to move. St. Theresa herself writes in her life, that God sent several times an angel to pierce her heart, so that she remained afterwards inflamed with divine love, and felt herself sensibly burning and fainting away,—a thing to be well pondered on, as we perceive from this that the affections of love are in a special manner impressed by God in the hearts of the saints; and the Church has not objected to grant to the Discalced Carmelites the proper Mass in honor of the wounded heart of St. Theresa.

It must be added that the Church has declared worthy of particular veneration the instruments of the Passion of Christ, such as the lance, the nails, and the crown of thorns, granting a particular Office and Mass for their special veneration, as is mentioned by Benedict XIV, in the work and place referred to, where he quotes particularly the words of Innocent VI, who granted the office for the lance and the nails of Our Lord, and these are the words: "We think it is right that a special feast be celebrated in honor of the special instruments of His Pas-

sion, and particularly in those countries in which these instruments are said to be, and that we should encourage the faithful servants of Christ in devotion to them by concession of the divine Offices." If, therefore, the Church has judged it right to venerate by a special Office the lance, the nails, the thorns, because they came in contact with those parts of Christ's body which were particularly tormented in the Passion, how much more have we not reason to hope that a special Office may be granted in honor of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, which had such a great share in His affections, and in the inmost internal sorrows that He suffered in seeing the torments that were prepared for Him, and the ingratitude which after all His love for them, would be shown Him by men? This was the cause of the bloody sweat which our Lord afterwards endured in the Garden, because such a sweat can only be explained by a strong compression of the heart, by which the blood, being impeded in its course, was forced to diffuse itself through the exterior parts.

NOTE: Clement XIII granted the Office and Mass of the Sacred Heart to several churches as early as 1765. Eventually nearly every diocese asked and successively obtained permission for this feast. Pius IX, by a decree of August 23, 1856, made the feast obligatory for the universal Church; and in 1873, on May 8th, granted special indulgences for devotions during the month of June. Finally on May 8, 1928, Pius XI raised the feast to higher rank and granted an entirely new Office and Mass, and a proper Preface.



# Book Reviews

## ASCETICISM

*Words of Life on the Margin of the Missal.* By Dom Columba Marmion. Edited by Dom Thibaut, O.S.B. Translated by Mother M. St. Thomas. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Pp. xxxi and 486. Price, \$3.00.

Dom Marmion is recognized today as among the foremost of recent masters of the spiritual life. His books, especially "Christ the Life of the Soul" and "Christ In His Mysteries," despite their profundity and seriousness, possess an appeal that has won thousands of readers. Dom Thibaut, the biographer of Dom Marmion, has collected extracts from all his conferences and sermons, and arranged them according to the Liturgical cycle, so that each day throughout the year is given its own ascetical commentary. In these times, when more and more lay folk are becoming deeply interested in the beautiful liturgy of the Church, it seems to us that this book should find a warm welcome. Over 35,000 copies of the original French edition have been sold. The book is attractively bound, and we note that the source of each extract from Dom Marmion is set down, so that anyone wishing to pursue a thought further will easily be able to do so.—*L. G. M.*

*The Queen of Heaven. An Angel Describes Mary's Coronation.* By Rev. Frederick Abair. Illustrated by Sister M. Genevieve, R.S.M. Published by the author, St. Mary's Church, Kirby, Ohio. Pp. 140. Price, 50c.

This little paper-bound volume is an ingenious set of verses which describes with a wealth of allusion and detail the entrance of Mary into heaven, her welcome by the various companies of Saints and the choirs of angels, and her coronation by God as Queen of all the angels and saints. The author has achieved variety and a certain freshness in his treatment of the theme, which certainly lends itself to imaginative representation. The pen sketches throughout the book are in keeping with its spirit, and if it be said that the book does not scale the

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

heights of poetry, it must also be said that it does not descend into the well-known depths.—*L. G. M.*

## PAMPHLETS

*The Holy Ghost.* By

Very Rev. J. J. Mc-Larney, O.P., S.T.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana. Pages 49.

This pamphlet embodies a series of five sermons on the Holy Ghost delivered over the nationwide Catholic Hour program during April-May, 1939. Their purpose, as revealed by the author on page 5, is to bring about "a better understanding of God the Holy Ghost that we may be His brighter tabernacles, His better friends, His more obedient and ennobled children." Written in beautiful yet popular language these five sermons deal with a difficult subject in a manner and style that is doctrinally correct and surprisingly clear. Especially may they be recommended to that portion of the Catholic reading public who are desirous of a better knowledge of their faith and a better appreciation of the part played by the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity in the work of Salvation.—*W. M. M.*

*Good Will For Catholic Schools.* Bulletin No. 3 of the Catholic Laymen's League of Orange and Rockland Counties. Box 5, Orangeburg, N. Y.

The work of this Catholic Laymen's League of New York is an excellent example of what can be accomplished by a group of zealous laymen who are convinced that, since their Catholic Faith is the most valuable possession they have, it deserves not only to be cherished, but to be defended and spread. The first paragraph in this pamphlet tells its purpose: "In this, our Bulletin No. 3, we tell how, through a service given to us free by the secular daily press, we informed the public of our side of some of the acute problems of Catholic education." The group owes its inspiration to the famous Narberth movement, with Karl Rogers at its head, and at first the informational and stimulating articles of Mr. Rogers alone were distributed to the



Press. But as more articles were needed than Mr. Rogers was able to supply, the group began to cast about for more material. This was secured with the help of some diocesan priests and seminarians. Within a year and a half all five daily papers in the district (all with non-Catholic publishers) and four weeklies were printing and enthusiastically commenting upon the articles. Each year a new subject is chosen, and adhered to throughout the year; Catholic Education is only one of several subjects that have been treated. These enterprising laymen certainly deserve commendation for their efforts on behalf of the faith, and it is to be hoped that other groups throughout the country will be inspired to follow their example. Information may be secured from Mr. Karl Rogers, P.O. Box 35, Narberth, Pa.

— L. G. M.

*Farm Family Prosperity. A Program for Restoring Rural Life to its Proper Orbit.* Re-edited by Emerson Hynes. Published by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 240 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Price, 10 cents.

This little pamphlet is a graphic and copiously illustrated argument for farming as a way of life. Of late years agrarianism has been attracting more and more attention, and we are glad to record that Catholic ruralists are not a step behind the non-Catholic agrarian movements. The elements of success and contentment on the land are constantly being set forth, and this present little work may well be taken as a brief and attractive summary of all that can be said on the subject. — L. G. M.

*The Home Prayer Book, or Diamonds and Pearls.* Compiled by Rev. Charles Taylor, O.M.I. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Pages 48. Price, 10 cents.

The most useful thing about this little collection of indulgenced prayers is that they are all taken from the latest official collection of indulgences published by the Holy See, and hence it contains no false or apocryphal indulgences. All the prayers are in English, all are short, and they are conveniently arranged according to the days of the week. There are also eight pictures of scenes from the Life of Our Lord. — L. G. M.

*The Heart of the Mass. Prayerful Thoughts for the Sacrifice.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros. Pages 146. Price, \$1.

Father Donnelly's little books are a source of inspiration to a wide circle of readers. In this present work he continues the series which contains "The Heart of the Gospel," "The Heart of the Revelation," and "The Heart of the Church." These former volumes were concerned with devotion to the Sacred Heart; in this latest that devotion is, as the author says, implicit, since the object of the book is to make it possible for Catholics to assist at the Holy Sacrifice not only with profit, but also with pleasure. A number of short meditations are set forth and joined with the various phases of the Mass in two general divisions: "At Mass With the Gospels," in which prayerful thoughts on the Mass are centered around episodes in Our Lord's life, and "At Mass In Many Ways," in which the elements of the Mass are joined with short meditations on St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, the Martyrs, the Rosary, etc. Devout Catholics should find this little book very helpful in their efforts to profit ever more and more from the inexhaustible sources of the Mass. — L. G. M.

*The Catholic Tradition In Literature.* By Brother Leo, F.S.C. Published by the National Council of Catholic Men, Washington, D. C. Pages 34. Price, 10c.

These four lectures delivered over the Catholic Hour a little over a year ago are worthy of special attention, it seems to us, not only because Brother Leo's lectures and writings are always stimulating and valuable, but because in this particular field he speaks with an authority that makes us wish he would write a book on the subject. If every aspiring young Catholic writer would grasp the import of Brother Leo's thought on the meaning of the Catholic Tradition, and the duty of present day writers to preserve that tradition, we could be certain of a genuine revival in Catholic letters. For that reason we suggest to those who have the guidance of young writers to put this little pamphlet into their hands. It is not very large, but it will be a start. — L. G. M.

## L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

With a face that vainly endeavored to appear mournful, Patrick O'Dolan strolled into an outfitter's shop.

"I want ye to tell me," he murmured, "phwat the custom is for th' wearin' iv mournin'."

"Well," said the assistant, "of course it varies. If it's a less near relative, a band of black on the sleeve or hat; or, if it's a friend, just a black tie."

For some moments Patrick O'Dolan considered.

"Well," he whispered at length, "give me a boot-lace. It's me wife's mither!"

\*

A: Is Izzie a good business man?

B: Izzie? You should esk. Ven he plays golf, he always hollers "three ninety-eight" instead of "fore."

\*

Polite Stranger (coming to rescue of man pinned beneath upturned car): Could I assist you — er — my name is Jones?

Man Below (extending hand): Thanks, my name is Brown; pardon me for not getting up.

\*

The absent-minded professor and his wife had been invited out for luncheon. As usual he was making his share of social blunders. Finally, when they were seated next to each other at the table, she nudged him and whispered, "James, where are your manners?"

"Why, Martha, they must be in the wash. I'm sure I changed them this week."

\*

It would be a great help towards keeping the churchyard in good order if others would follow the example of those who clip the grass on their own graves.

\*

Dentist — Stop waving your arms and making faces, sir. Why, I haven't even touched your tooth.

Patient — I know you haven't, but you're standing on my corn.

\*

"What have you been doing in front of that mirror for the last hour?"

"Trying to see how I look with my eyes shut."

The young wife was in tears when she opened the door for her husband.

"I've been insulted," she said. "Your mother insulted me."

"My mother!" he exclaimed. "But she is a hundred miles away."

"I know, but a letter came for you this morning and I opened it."

He looked stern. "I see, but where does the insult come in?"

"In the postscript," she answered. "It said: 'Dear Alice, don't forget to give this letter to George.'"

\*

A Chinaman name of A Sing

Fell off of a street car — bing, bing.

The con' turned his head,

To the passengers said

The car's lost a washer — ding, ding.

\*

Proprietor of Restaurant — Sir, we are famous for snails here.

Diner — I thought so. I've been served by one already.

\*

The marriage of Miss Anna — and Willis —, which was announced in this paper a few weeks ago, was a mistake and we wish to correct.

\*

Mrs. McTight: "Goodness, Mary, what makes you so hoarse?"

Mrs. McScotch: "I just talked my husband out of a dollar."

\*

To the Editor of Love Lorn: "Six months after I became engaged to a young man I found he had a wooden leg. Should I break it off?"

\*

Personal — Family lawyer will read the will next Sunday morning at the residence of Timothy Hallahan, who died January 15 to accommodate his relatives.

Wanted — Strong, willing young man to take care of horses who can speak Swedish.

Personal — Man of means who snores desires to meet attractive woman who is deaf but not dumb. Object, matrimonial peace.

\*

Cop — Why didn't you get out of the lady driver's way?

Pedestrian — I didn't know what she was driving at.

## LIGUORIAN QUIZ

Those who have read this month's LIGUORIAN will be able to answer the following questions, in any place, at any time:

What is the one thing that prevents most good people from going directly to heaven after death? that requires them to pause a while in the divine repair-shop?

What advice would you give to a young person who asked you for a few rules about making or accepting "dates"?

What universal truth concerning human nature is expressed so beautifully in the Catholic liturgy that it leads many non-Catholics into the Catholic fold?

Can you give the date of the origin of these religious sects and the name of their founder: Methodist? Congregationalist? Lutheran? Baptist? Salvation Army? Christian Science? Roman Catholic?

When is fortune-telling, or listening to fortune-telling not a sin?

What is the rule to be followed in judging whether a book is morally good or bad?

By what names did St. Augustine call those who practiced contraception in the fourth century?

It will add vitality and force to your conversation if you have answers for these questions, when, in the home or at the office or on the street, the topic turns toward things pertaining to religion.

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## CLASS A—Section 1—Unobjectionable For General Patronage

An Angel From Texas	Haunted Houseman	Rainbow Over the Range
Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante	The House of the Seven Gables	The Ramparts We Watch
Anne of Windy Poplars	The Howards of Virginia	Rancho Grande
Argentine Nights	If I Stay My Way	Ranger and the Lady
Arizona Frontier	I Married an Adventure	Rangers of Fortune
Billy the Kid in Texas	I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now	Return of Wild Bill
Calling All Husbands	Knute Rockne	Rhythm on the River
Calling Philo Vance	Laddie	Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride
The Captain Is a Lady	The Ladies Must Live	River's End
Career	Law and Order	Sandy Is a Lady
Carolina Moon	Leather Pushens	Scatterbrain
Cherokee Strip	A Little Bit of Heaven	Sea Hawk
Christmas in July	Mad Men of Europe	Seventeen
Coleado	Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me	The Secret Seven
Comin' Round the Mountain	Man From Arizona	Spring Parade
Covered Wagon Days	Man From Tumbleweeds	Stage to China
Curtain Call	Marked Men	Star Dancer
Dancing on a Dime	Maryland	Strike Up the Band
Danger Ahead	Men Against the Sky	Thief of Bagdad
Dark Command	Military Academy	Those Were the Days
Days of Jesse James	The Mill on the Floss	Three Faces West
Death Goes North	Music in My Heart	Three Men From Texas
A Dispatch From Reuter's	Mystery Sea Raider	The Thundering Frontier
Dr. Kildare Goes Home	New Moon	Trails West
Dreaming Out Loud	One Man's Law	Tulsa Kid, The
Dulcy	On Their Own	Viva Chico Kid
Earl of Puddleston	Opened by Mistake	You're Not So Tough
Edison the Man	Our Town	Under Texas Skies
Escamy Agent	Out West With the Peppers	Up in the Air
Fugitive From Justice	Overture to Glory	Wagon Train
The Gay Caballero	Pier 13	So Westerner
The Ghost Breakers	Pony Post	West of Abilene
Golden Fleeing	Private Affairs	Wildcat Bus
The Golden Trail	The Quarterback	Wyoming
Girl From Avenue A	The Young People	Young Buffalo Bill
Grimy, Get Your Gun	Queen of Destiny	Young Fastives
Gun Code	Ragtime Cowboy Joe	

## CLASS A—Section 2—Unobjectionable For Adults

After Mein Kampf	Hot Steel	Pastor Hall
Alias the Deacon	I Love You Again	Pride and Prejudice
Black Diamonds	I'm Still Alive	Public Deb No. 1
Black Friday	Irene	Reno
Boom Town	Island of Doomed Men	The Return of Frank James
Brigham Young	I Take This Woman	Return of the Frog
Brother Orchid	It All Came True	Safari
Captain Caution	I Want a Divorce	Sailor's Lady
Captain Moonlight	I Was an Adventurer	The Saint Takes Over
Castle on the Hudson	The Lady in Question	Saturday's Children
City of Chance	Lights Out in Europe	Schubert's Serenade
City for Conquest	The Living Corpse	So This Is London
Convicted Woman	The Lone Wolf Meets A Lady	South of Karanga
Cross Country Romance	The Long Voyage Home	Sporting Blood
Diamond Frontier	Love, Honor and Oh, Baby	Strange Cargo (Revised Version)
The Doctor Takes a Wife	Louise	They Came By Night
Doomed to Die	Lucky Partners	They Knew What They Wanted
Double Alibi	The Man I Married	Third Finger, Left Hand
Down Argentine Way	Man Who Talked Too Much	'Til We Meet Again
The Escape	The Man Who Wouldn't Talk	Untamed
The Fatal Hour	Meet the Wildcat	The Villain Still Pursued Her
Flight Angels	Millionsaire in Prison	Way of All Flesh
Foreign Correspondent	The Mind of Dr. Reeder	We Are Not Alone
Forty Little Mothers	The Mortal Storm	We Who Are Young
Four Sons	The Mummy's Hand	When the Daltons Rode
Four Wives	Murder Is News	The Witness Vanishes
Fugitive at Large	My Love Came Back	Wolf of New York
Full Confessions	My Son Is Guilty	Women in the War
Gold Rush Maids	Night Train	Women Without Names